

No. 89

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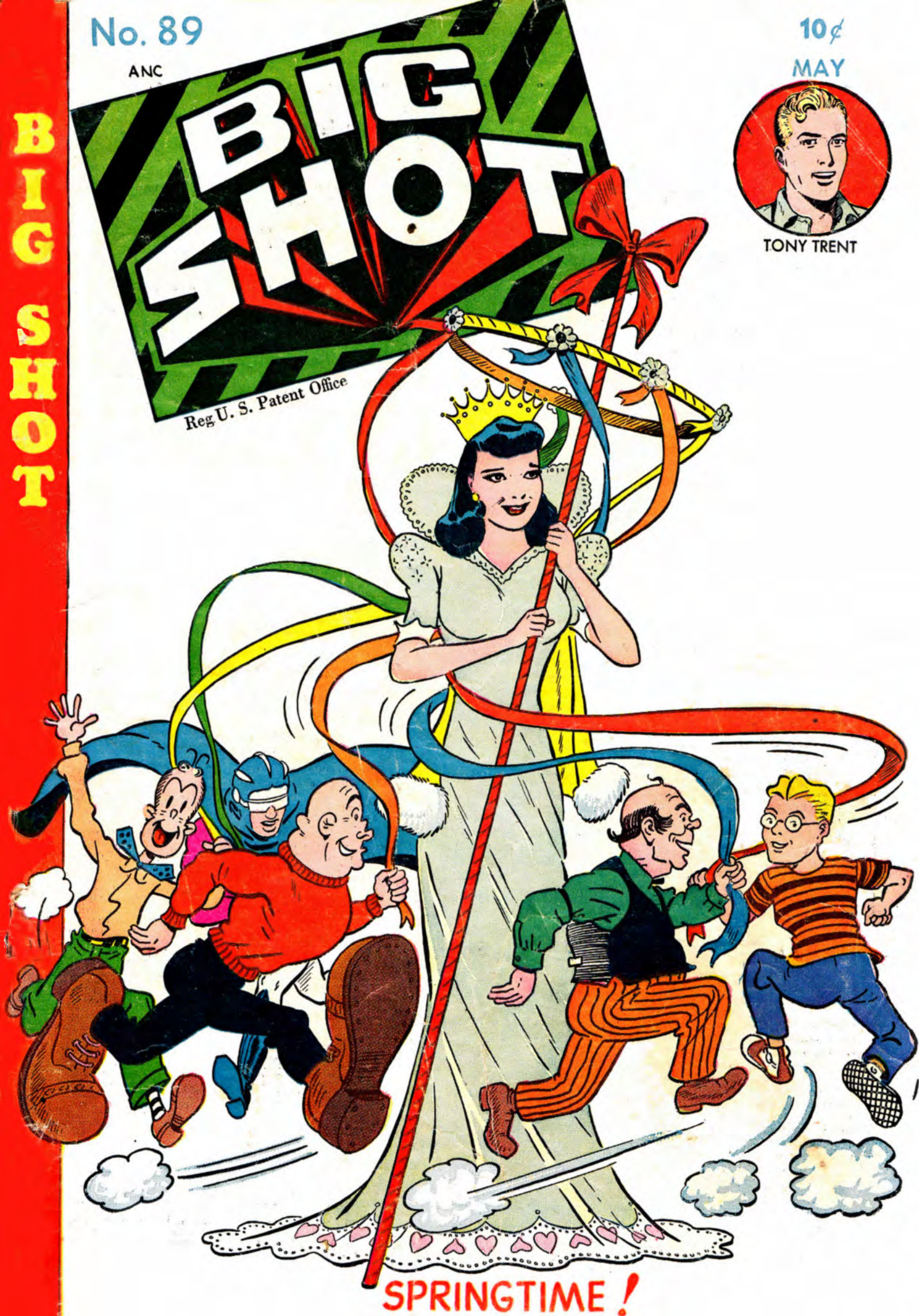


TONY TRENT

# BIG SHOT

Reg U. S. Patent Office

BIG SHOT



SPRINGTIME!





**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**



# The Most Amazing Factory-To-You Introductory Offer Ever Made to Boys and Girls



Not One... Not Two... But **ALL 3**  
Yes, This Perfectly Matched 3 PIECE POCKET SET

WITH YOUR NAME EN-  
GRAVED ON ALL THREE  
WRITING INSTRUMENTS  
IN GOLD LETTERS . . .

**\$1.69**

Factory To You

New automatic machinery inventions and manufacturing methods now turn out GORGEOUS fountain pens, ball pens and mechanical pencils with mass production economies unheard of 2 months ago! These tremendous savings passed on factory-to-you. Even when you SEE and USE, you won't believe such beauty, such expert workmanship, such instant and dependable writing service possible at this ridiculous price! Competition says we're raving mad. Decide for yourself at our risk.



**1 FOUNTAIN PEN**

**2 BALL POINT PEN**

**3 MECHANICAL PENCIL**

Fashionable gold plate HOODED POINT writes velvet smooth as bold or fine as you prefer . . . can't leak feed guarantees steady ink flow . . . always moist point writes instantly . . . no clogging . . . lever filler fills pens to top without pumping . . . deep pocket clip safeguards against loss.

Has identical ball point found on \$15 pens . . . NO DIFFERENCE! Rolls new 1948 indelible dark blue ball pen ink dry as you write. Makes 10 carbon copies. Writes under water or high in planes. Can't leak or smudge. Ink supply will last up to 1 year depending on how much you write. Refills at any drug store. Deep pocket clip.

Grips standard lead and just a twist propels, repels, expels. Shaped to match fountain pen and ball pen and feels good in your hand. Unscrews in middle for extra lead reservoir and eraser. Mechanically perfect and should last a lifetime!

**10-DAY HOME TRIAL** ➔  
**FULL YEAR'S GUARANTEE** ➔  
**DOUBLE MONEY BACK OFFER** ➔  
**SEND NO MONEY — MAIL COUPON** ➔

Matched perfectly in polished, gleaming colorful lifetime plastic. Important, we will pay you double your money back if you can equal this offer anywhere in the world! More important, you use 10 days then return for full cash refund if you aren't satisfied for any reason. Most important, all three, fountain pen, ball pen, and pencil, are each individually guaranteed in writing for one year (they should last your lifetime). Full size. Beautiful. Write instantly without clogging. The greatest most amazing value ever offered. Your name in gold letters on all three if you act now. Mail the coupon to see for yourself.

RIGHT RESERVED TO WITHDRAW OFFER AT ANYTIME

## SPECIAL OFFER COUPON

M.P.K. Company, Dept. 52-E  
179 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Illinois

Okay, "miracle man", prove it! Send PERFECTLY MATCHED FOUNTAIN PEN, BALL PEN and MECHANICAL PENCIL with my name engraved in gold letters. Enclose year's guarantee certificate. I'll pay \$1.69 plus few cents postage on guarantee I can return set after 10 day trial for cash refund. (I pay in advance and we pay postage)

ENGRAVE THIS NAME ON ALL 3 PIECES:

(Print plainly . . . Avoid mistakes)

Send to (NAME) .....

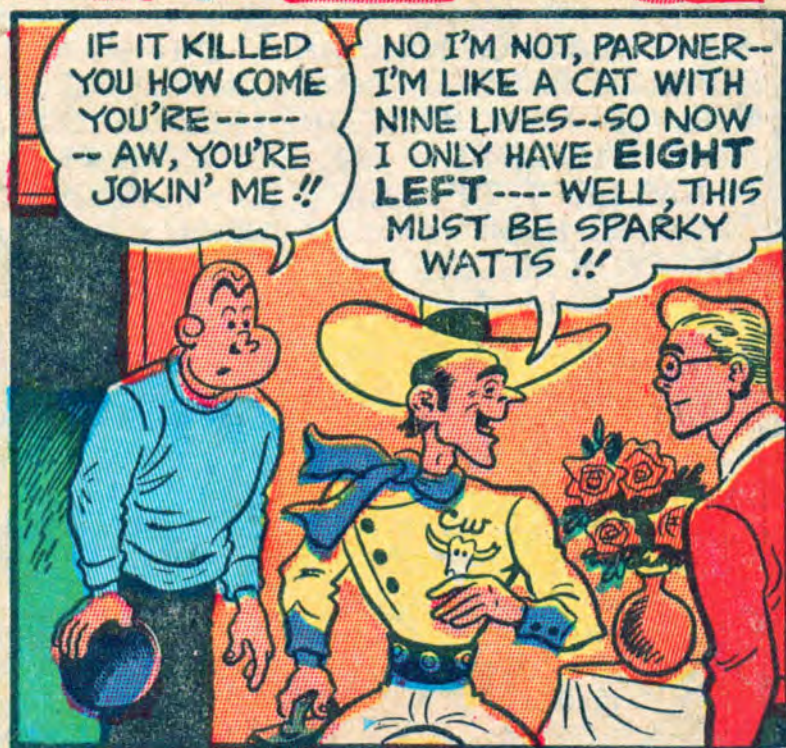
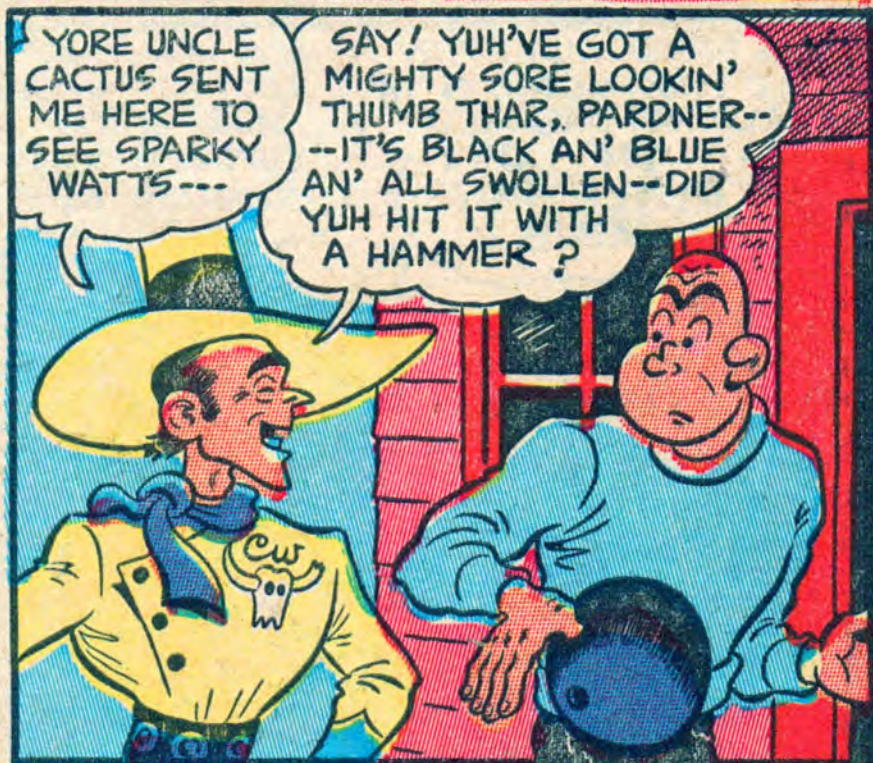
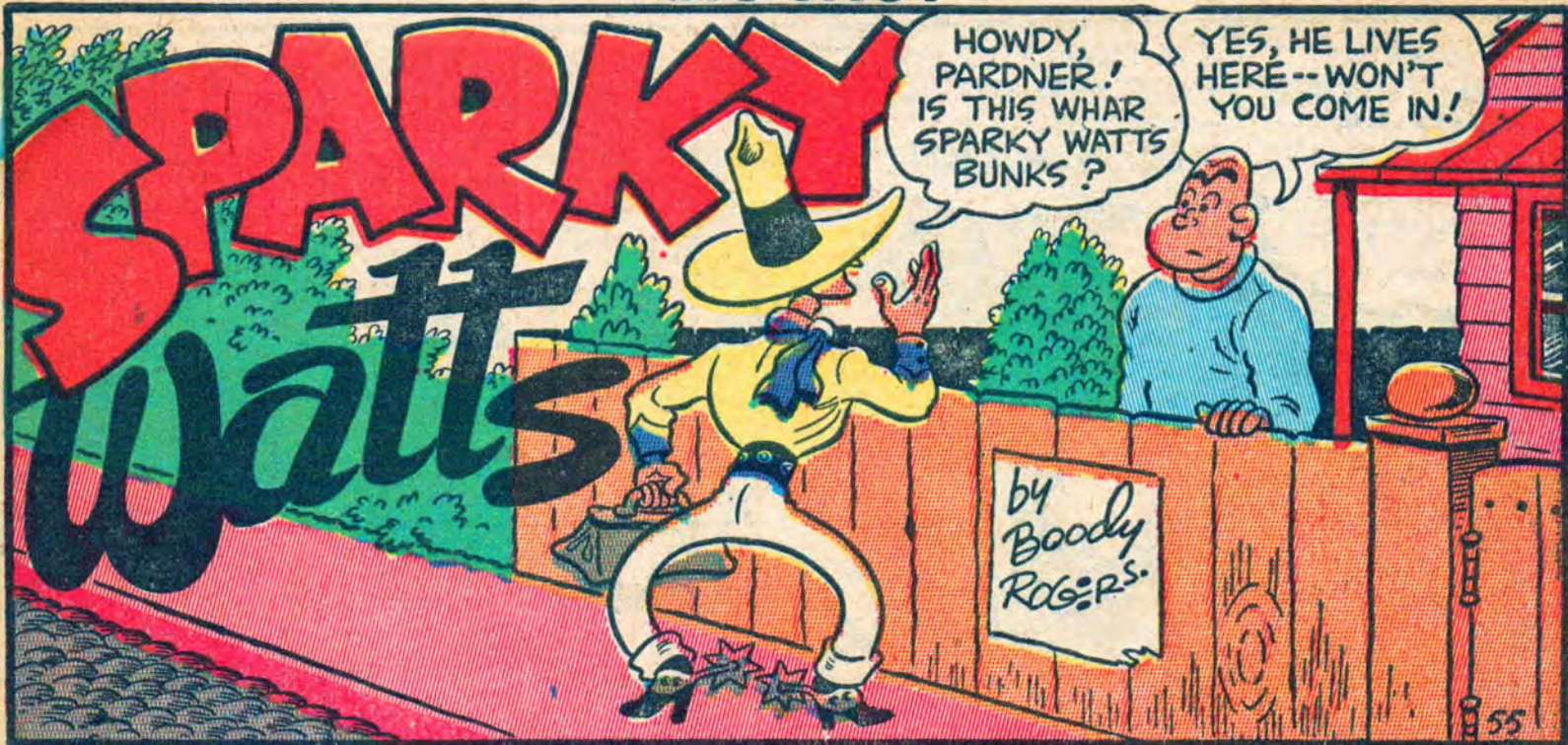
ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

Yes, only the latest manufacturing equipment and inventions could possibly cut production costs to bring a perfectly matched factory-to-you value like this. The matched barrels are practically unbreakable. Unheard of beauty, unheard of service, unheard of price and your name in gold letters on all three writing instruments as our special introductory gift if you mail coupon now! Send no money! On arrival deposit only \$1.69 plus C.O.D. postage on the positive guarantee you can return set for any reason in 10 days and your \$1.69 refunded. Could any offer be more fair? Then mail coupon today and see for yourself a new day is here in writing instrument value!

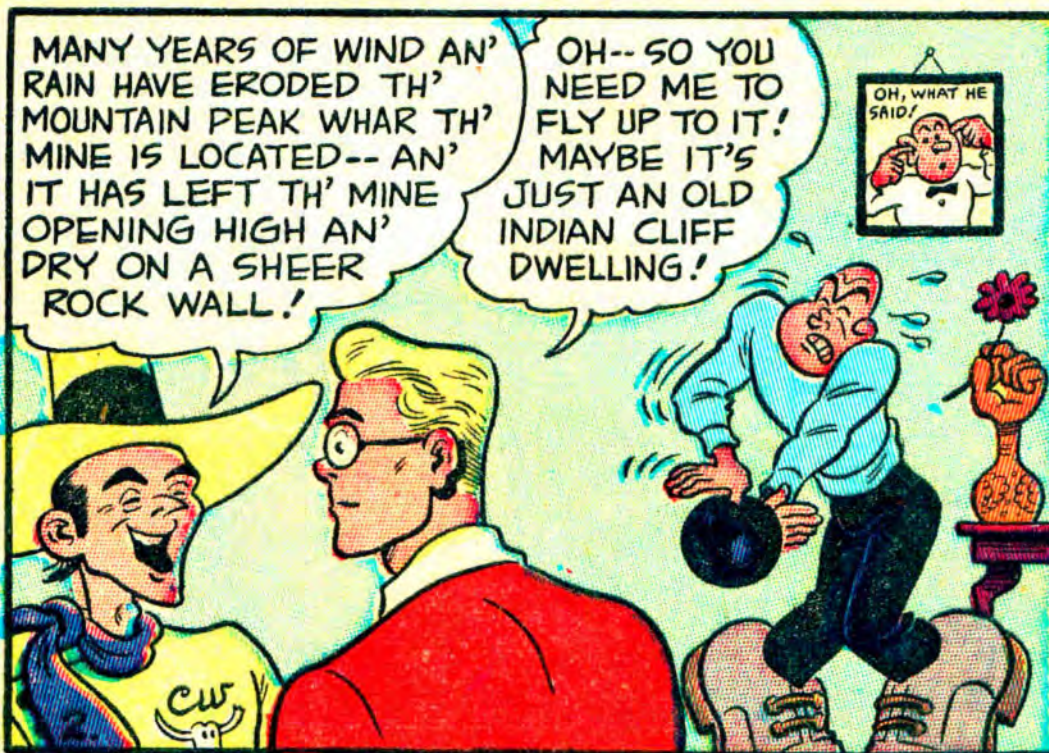
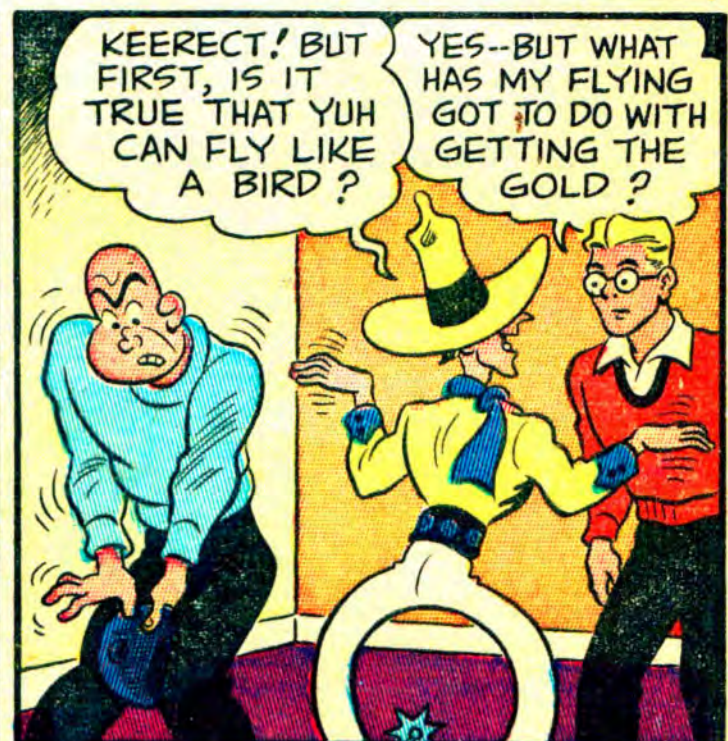
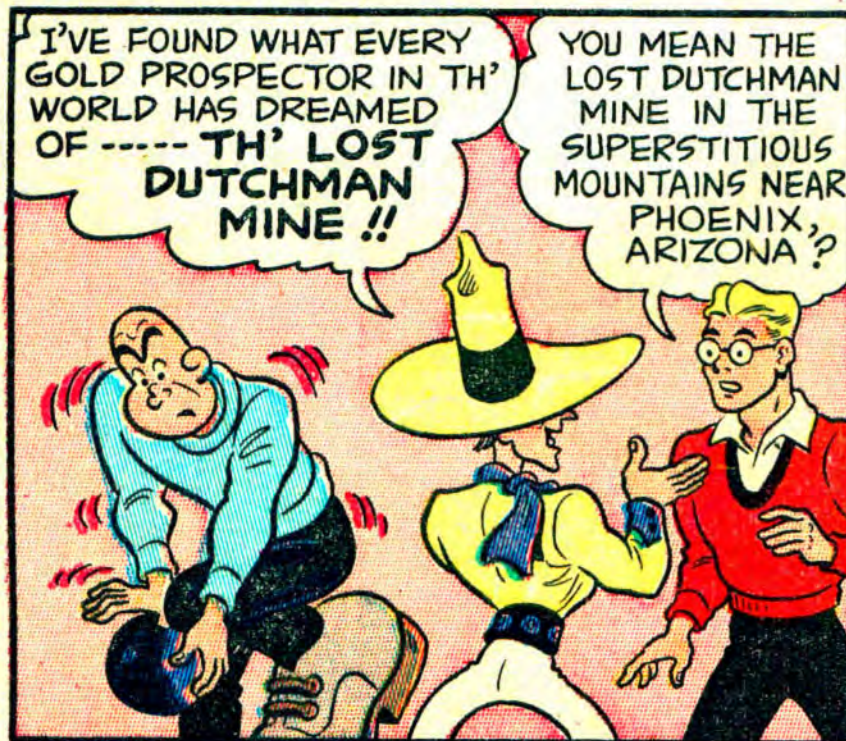
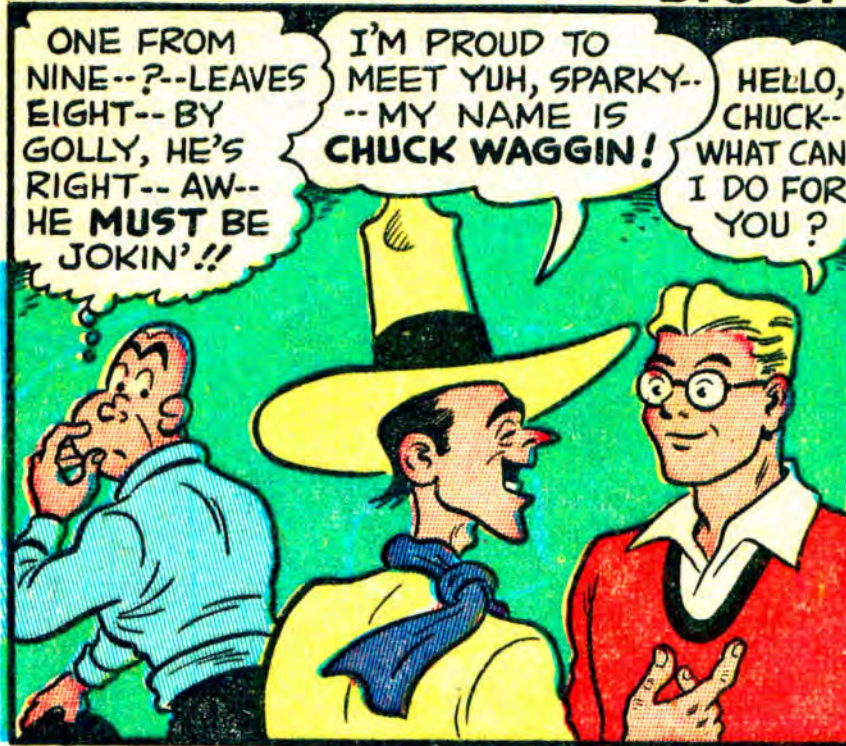
**M.P.K. COMPANY, Dept. 52-E**  
179 North Michigan, Chicago 1, Illinois







# BIG SHOT





# BIG SHOT

WELL, I'VE FOUND TH' PEAK AN' HIGH ON ITS SIDE IS A TUNNEL OPENING-- BUT SINCE MOST OF TH' MOUNTAIN HAS CRUMBL'D AWAY IT'S IMPOSSIBLE FER AN ORDINARY MAN TO GET TO IT!

IT MUST BE TH' MINE--IT'S TH' ONLY SPOT THAT HASN'T BEEN SEARCHED A THOUSAND TIMES!

SOUNDS REASONABLE-- LET'S GET STARTED!

I KNEW YUH'D GO--- SO I'VE ALREADY GOT OUR RESERVATIONS ON TONIGHT'S AIRLINER!

WHY WAIT UNTIL TONIGHT? I'LL FLY US OUT--WHERE IS YOUR LUGGAGE?

THIS IS IT, PARDNER! ALL I CARRY IS A RAZOR, TOOTHBRUSH, AN' A CLEAN PAIR OF SPURS!

OKAY-- CLIMB ON AND LET'S TAKE-OFF!

DON'T YUH HAVE A SADDLE? I'D LIKE TO HAVE SOME STIRRUPS IN CASE YUH GET TO BUCKING!!

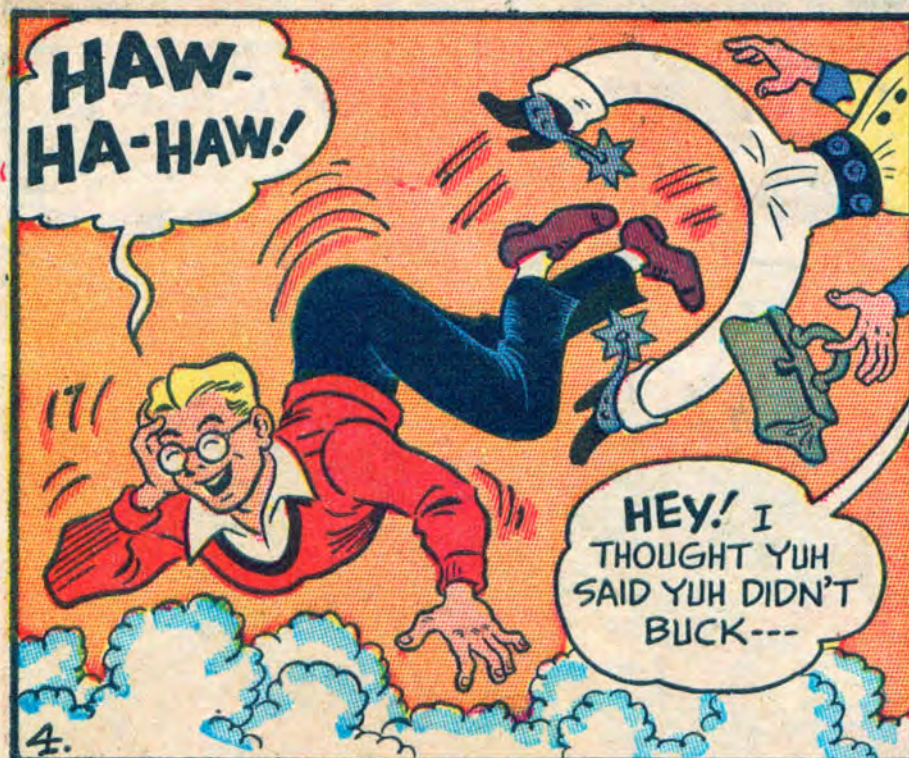
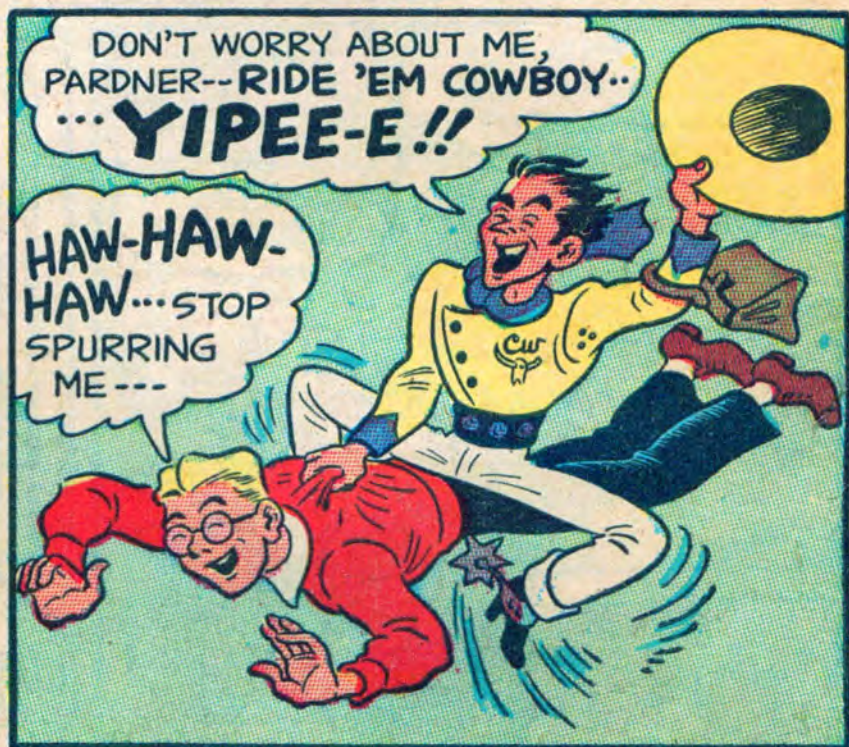
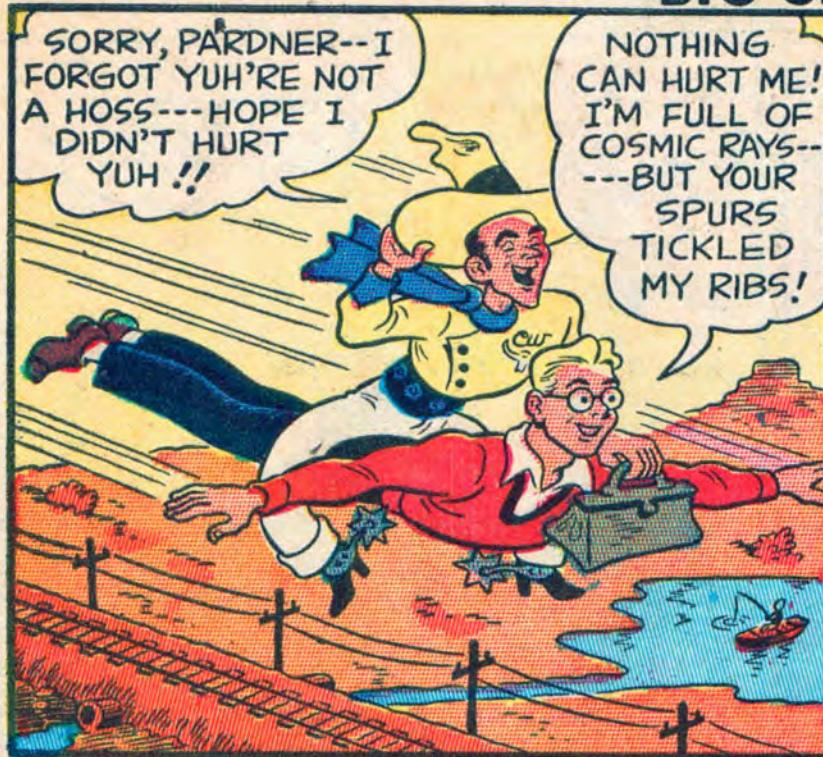
DON'T WORRY--I'M AS GENTLE AS A KITTEN-- I WON'T BUCK!

SAY--THIS IS ALL RIGHT... GIDDYUP!

HEY! STOP KICKING ME WITH THOSE SPURS!!



# BIG SHOT





# BIG SHOT

HOLY HORN TOADS!  
IT LOOKS LIKE I'M  
A-HEADIN' FER  
TH' LAST  
ROUND-UP!!

IT'S ALWAYS  
PERLITE TO  
REMOVE YER  
HAT WHEN A  
MAN IS ABOUT  
TO DIE ---

OH, BURY ME  
NOT ON TH' LONE  
PRAIRIE-EE --- WHAR  
TH' COYOTES HOWL  
AN' TH' WIND BLOWS  
FREE-E-E ---

WELL, I'LL BE A PIG'S UNCLE--I'M  
SLOWIN' DOWN !! NOW I KNOW  
WHY US COWBOYS ALWAYS WEAR  
**TEN GALLON HATS**---  
THEY MAKE GOOD  
PARACHUTES!!

SPRADDLE OUT  
YOUR LEGS, CHUCK--  
--I'LL DIVE  
UNDER  
YOU!

MY LEGS ARE  
ALWAYS SPRADDLED!  
THEY'VE GROWN  
THAT WAY FRUM  
RIDING HOSSES!!

WOW! THAT WAS A  
CLOSE SQUEEK! WHAT  
PART OF TH' COUNTRY  
DID I ALMOST GET  
SPLATTERED  
ON?

WE'RE  
OVER  
ARIZONA--  
--NOT FAR  
FROM THE  
SUPERSTITIOUS  
MOUNTAINS!



# BIG SHOT

THAT'S TH' SUPERSTITIONS  
BELOW US NOW--IF YUH SEE  
A HIGH ROCK WITH A TOP  
THAT LOOKS LIKE A  
MEXICAN HAT--THAT'S  
OUR PLACE!

I SEE  
IT--HOLD  
YOUR OWN  
HAT--WE'RE  
GOING  
DOWN!

DON'T LAND  
DOWN HERE--GO  
ON UP TO TH'  
TUNNEL--I WANNA  
LET SOME GOLD  
TRICKLE THROUGH  
MY FINGERS!

SPEAKING OF  
FINGERS--DO  
YUH SEE WHAT  
I SEE--OR AM  
I HAVIN' EYE  
TROUBLE  
AGAIN ?!!

NO--THOSE  
LOOK LIKE  
FINGERS IN  
THERE--BUT  
THEY CAN'T  
BE--THEY'RE  
TOO-----

-----BIG!?

**NEXT ISSUE ...INTRODUCING THE MOST AMAZING  
CREATURE IN COMICS..... "JUMBO FIGNIGGLE".**



# DIXIE DUGAN

By McEVOY and STRIEBEL

MRS. DUGAN HAS DISAPPEARED AND PA AND DIXIE BEGIN TO FEAR THE WORST

IT'S OBVIOUS YOUR MOTHER THAT'S BOUGHT A NEW OUTFIT— THE STORE SENT THE OLD ONE BACK SPECIAL DELIVERY

THAT'S WHAT I WAS THINKING—

IT'S HARDER FOR THE POLICE TO FIND HER, IN DIFFERENT CLOTHES

AND I WOULDN'T DOUBT SHE WENT TO A BEAUTY PARLOR— THAT'S THE FIRST THING A WOMAN THINKS OF WHEN SHE COMES TO THE CITY

I'LL BET DOLLARS TO DOUGHNUTS MA WANTED TO SEE NEW YORK CITY ALONE!

YOU'RE RIGHT, DIXIE

MA!

WOMAN, IT'S ABOUT TIME YA SHOWED UP!

YES, I KNOW

SHE IS MA, ISN'T SHE??

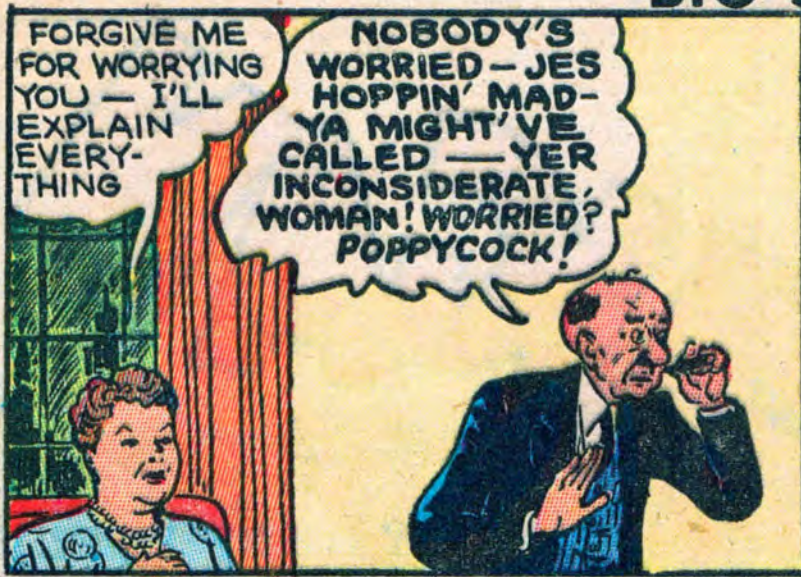
MUST BE HER YOUNGER SISTER

DID YOU KNOW WE HAD THE WHOLE NEW YORK POLICE FORCE LOOKIN' FER YA?

I'M SORRY



# BIG SHOT



"NEW YORK PETRIFIED ME SO WHEN WE ARRIVED I JUST COULDN'T THINK — SO TO LICK THE SITUATION I PUSHED MYSELF OUT TO GET ALONG THE BEST I COULD"



"I BUMPED SMACK INTO MISS ENSIGN, THE WOMAN WHO OFFERED ME THAT DESIGNING JOB SOME MONTHS AGO"



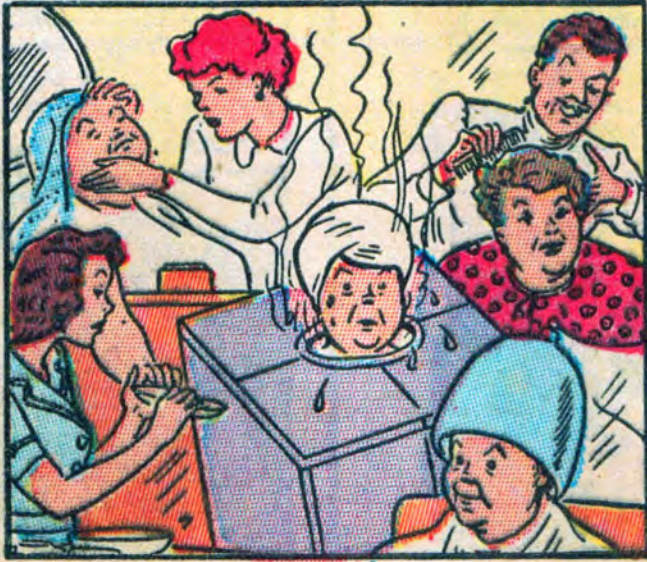
"TO KEEP ME FROM BEING TRAMPLED TO BITS BY THE CROWD SHE TOOK ME TO LUNCH AT THE 'SKY CLUB'"



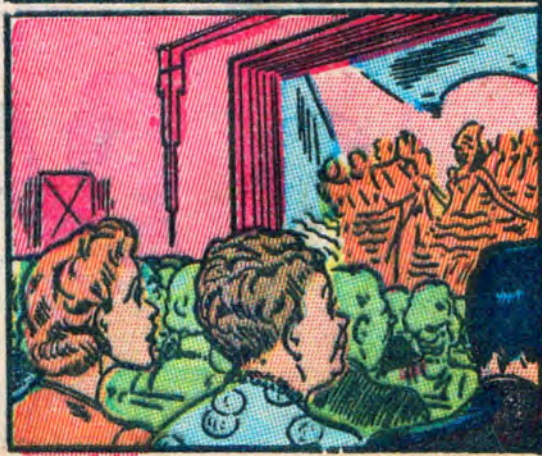
"AFTER THAT SHE TOOK ME TO HER STORE — SAID SHE WANTED TO START ME OUT RIGHT —"



"— THEN I REALLY GOT THE WORKS!"



"AND KNOWING I WAS HIRED TO DESIGN FOR THE THEATRE SHE THOUGHT I SHOULD SEE A SHOW"





# BIG SHOT

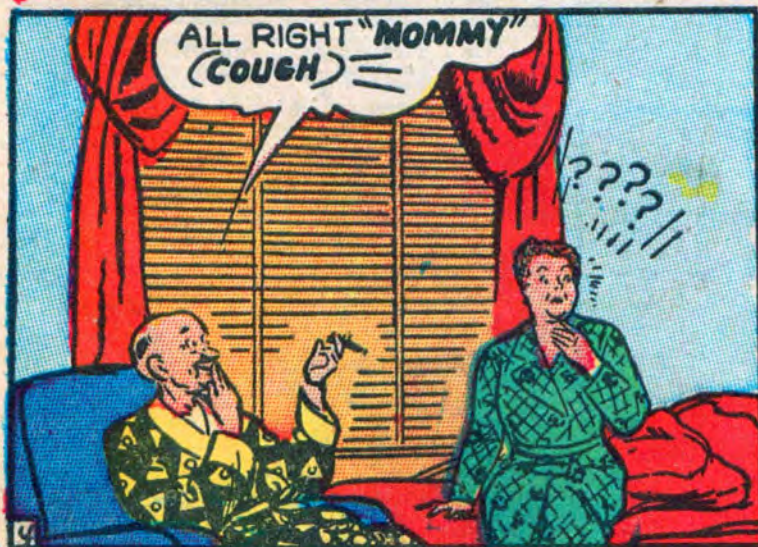
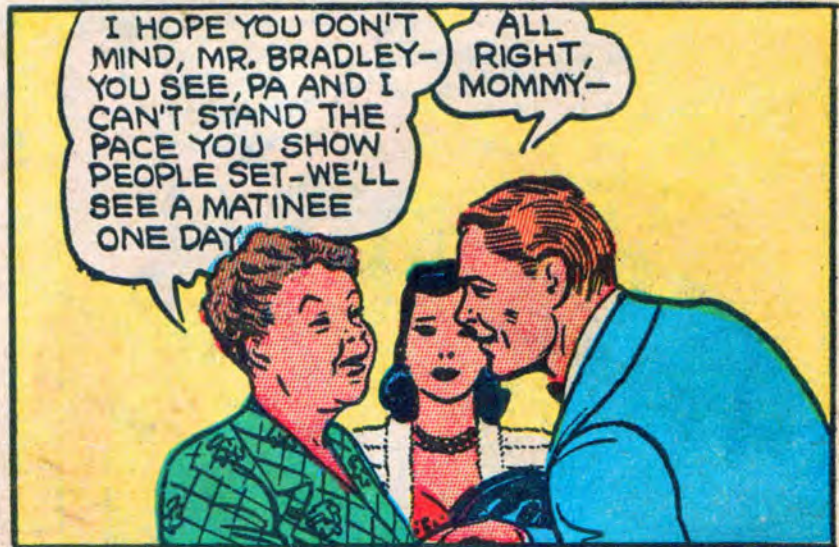
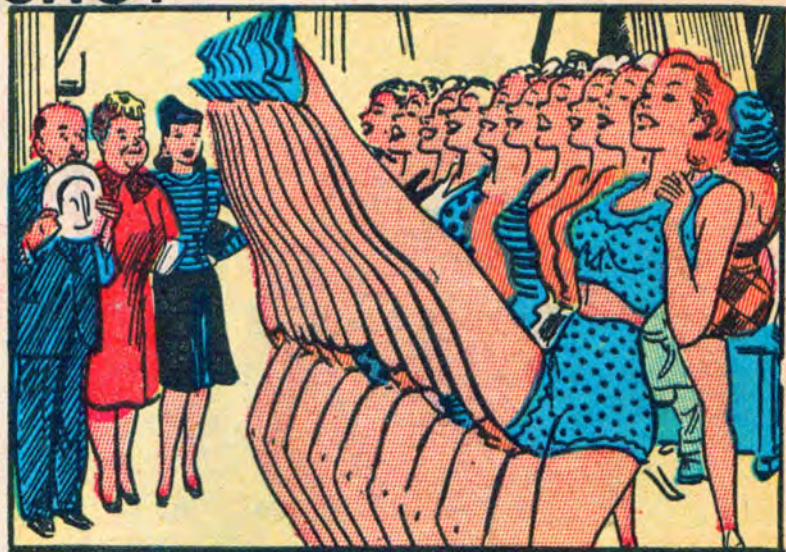
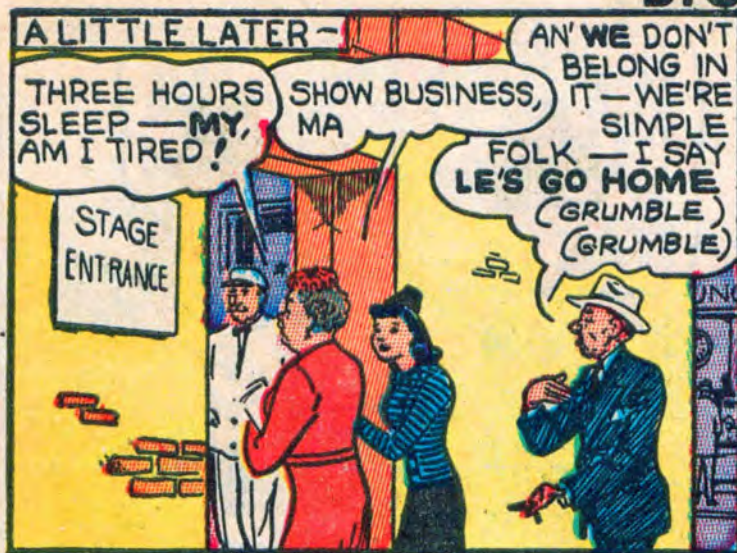


AND INTO THE MORNING —



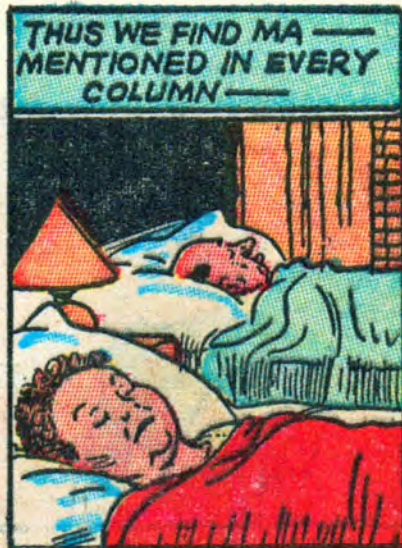
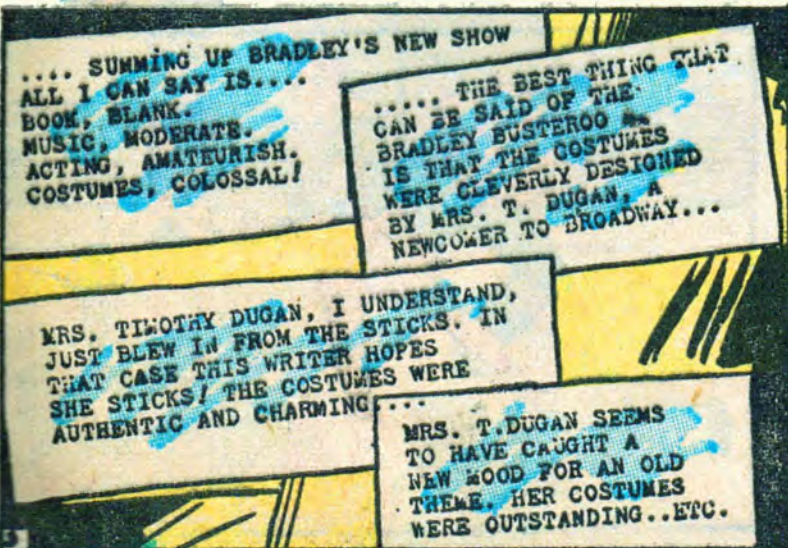
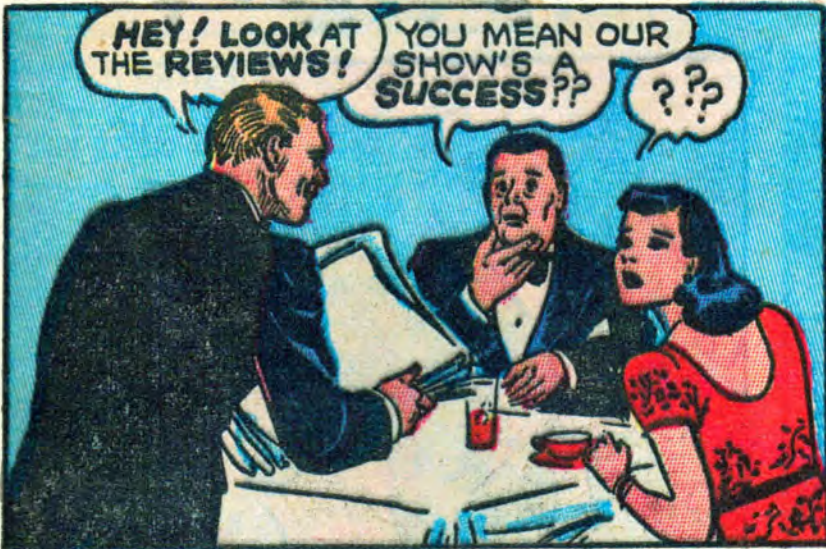


# BIG SHOT



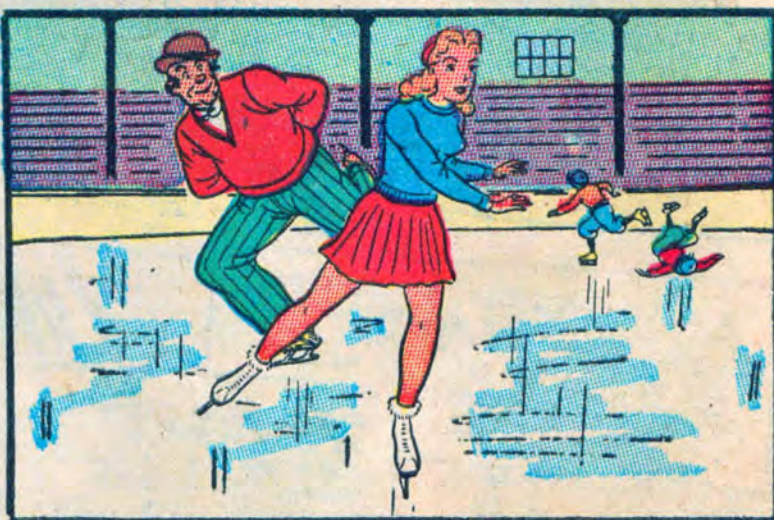
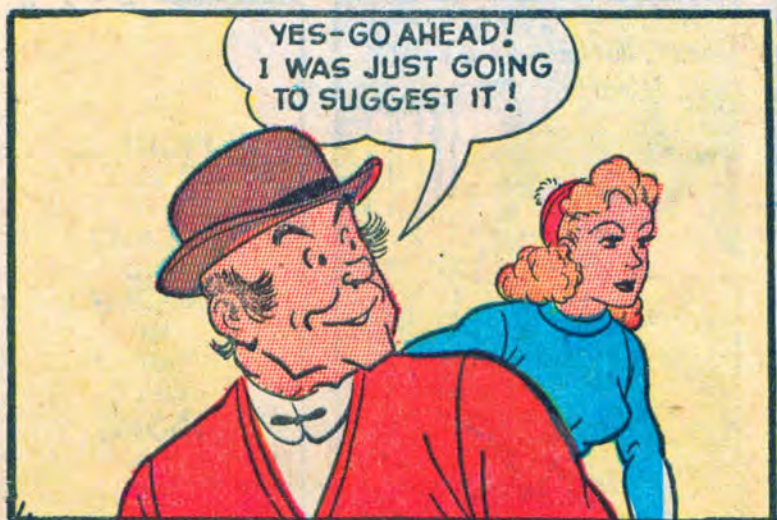
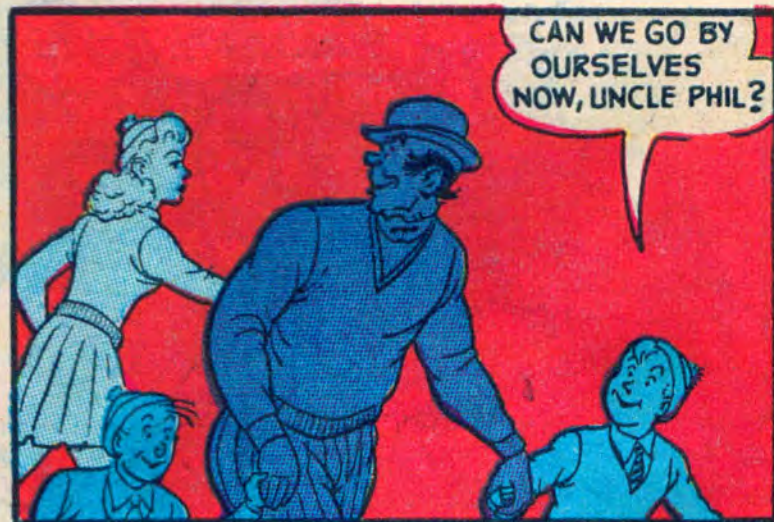
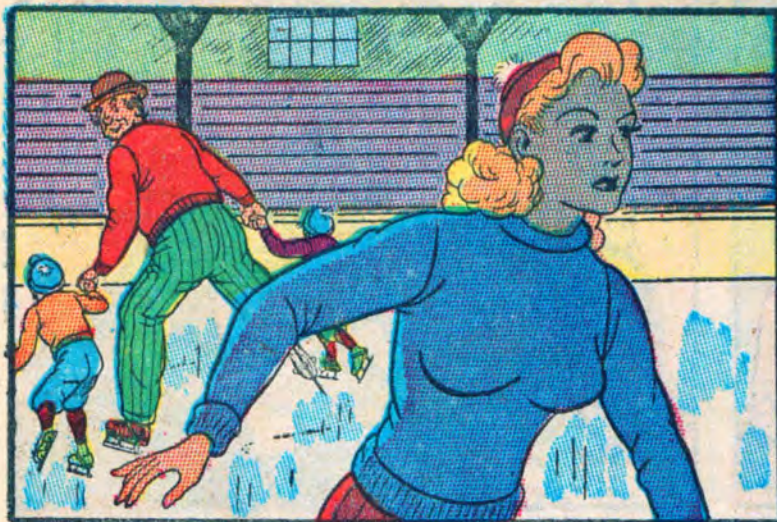
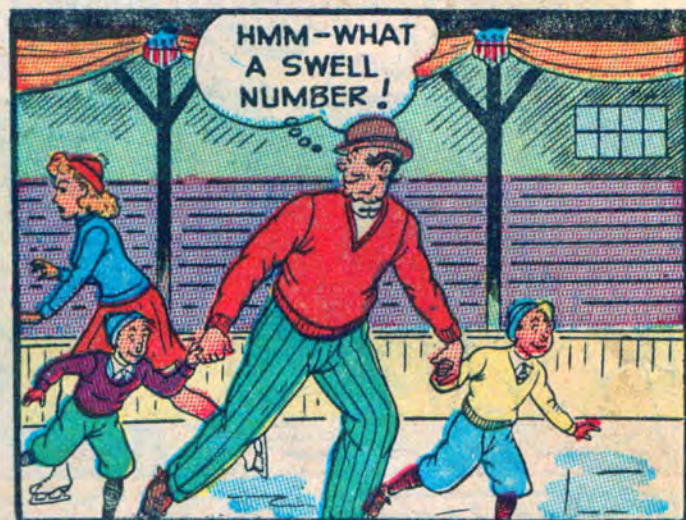
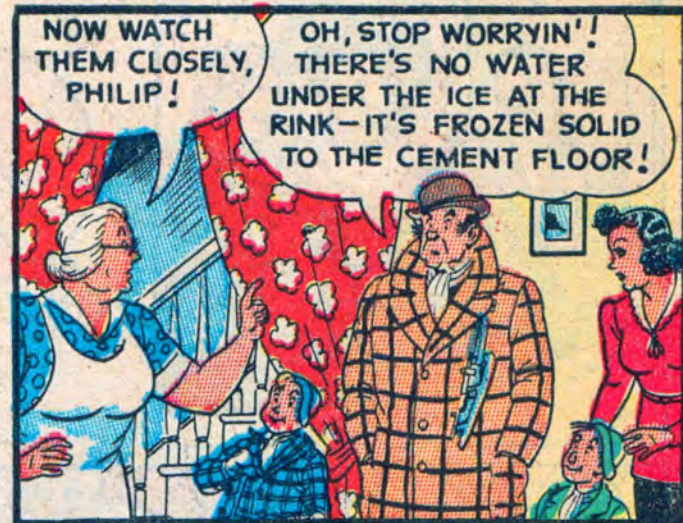


# BIG SHOT



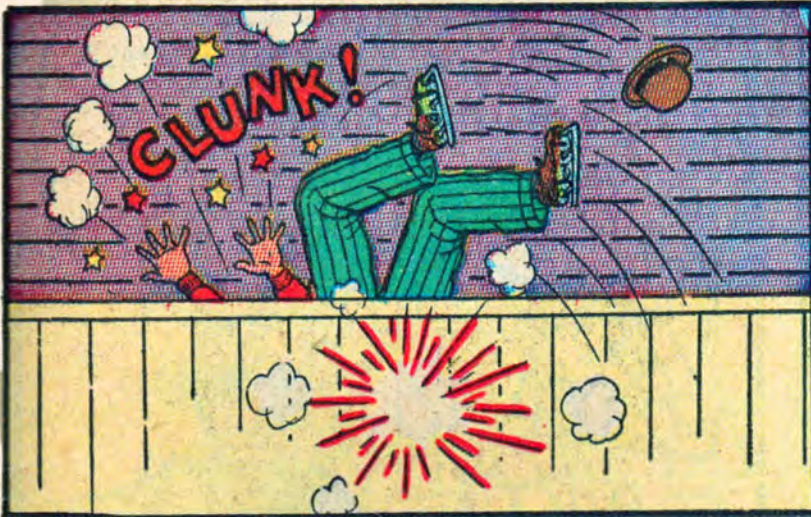
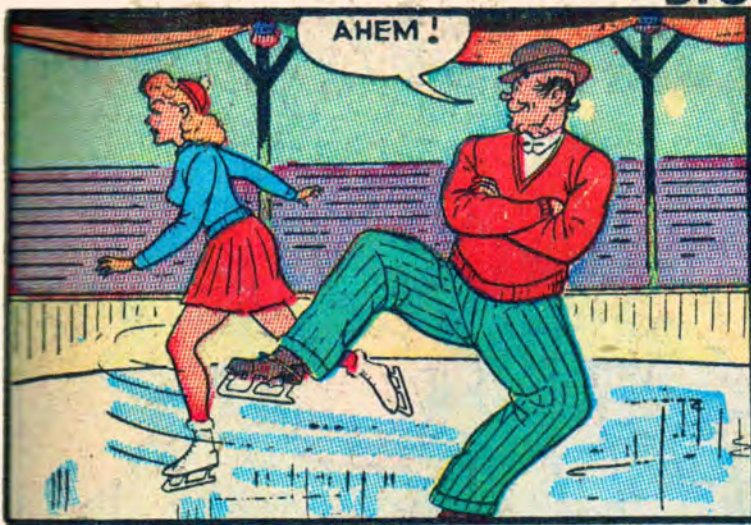


# MICKEY FINN

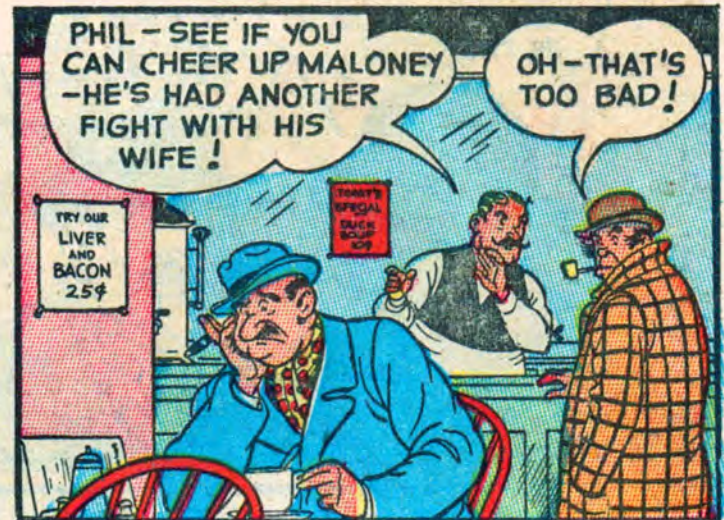
 BY  
LANK LEONARD




# BIG SHOT

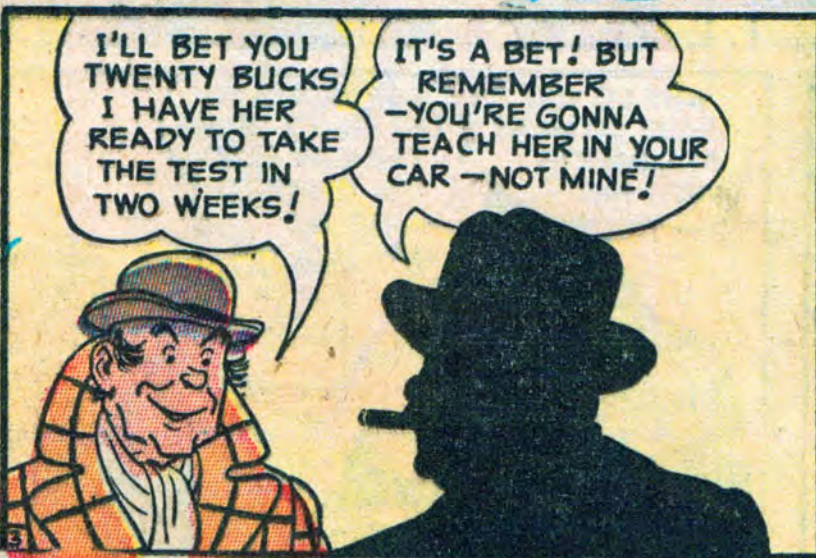
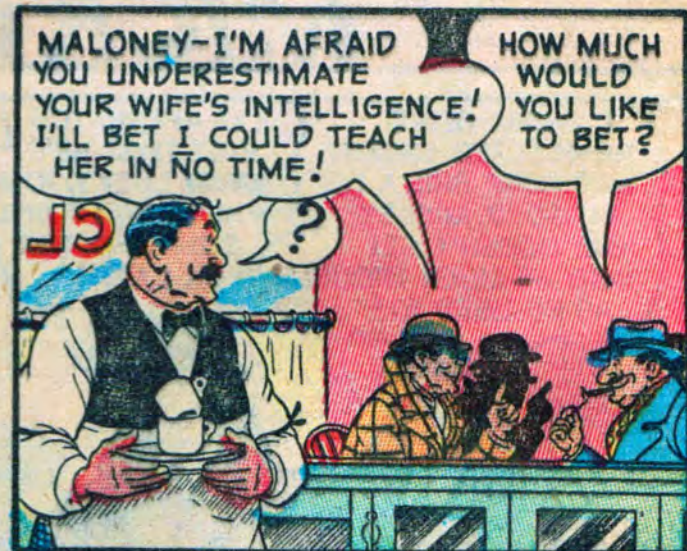
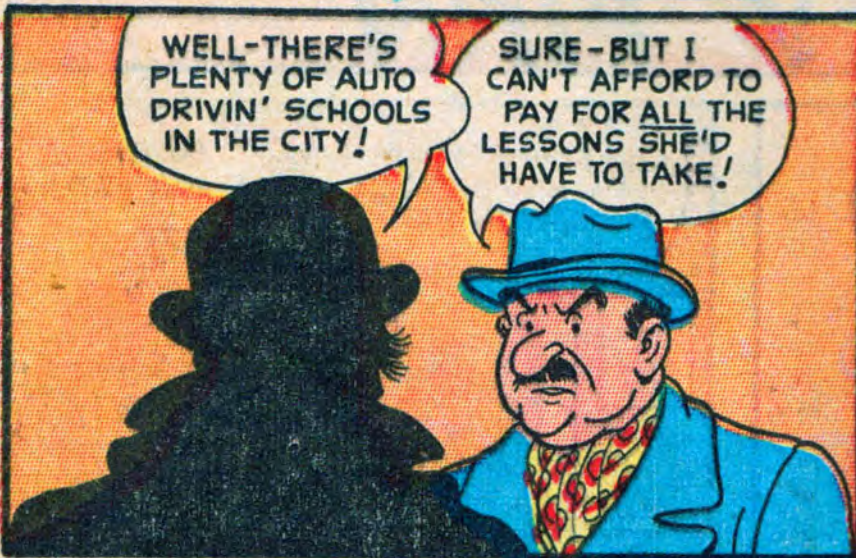
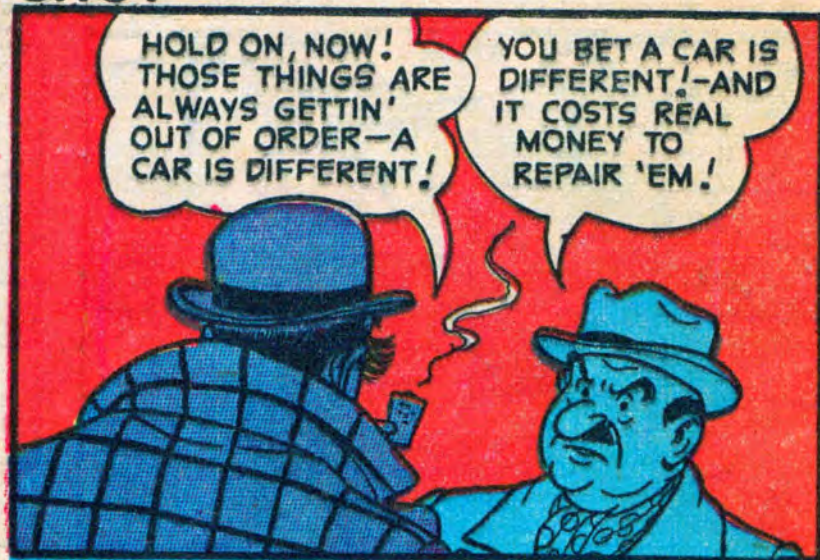


## MICKEY FINN





# BIG SHOT





# BIG SHOT

PHIL IS TEACHING MRS. MALONEY HOW TO DRIVE A CAR!

HER HUSBAND HAS BET PHIL \$20.00 THAT SHE WON'T BE READY FOR THE TEST IN TWO WEEKS.

HOW IS SHE COMING ALONG, UNCLE PHIL? YOU'VE ONLY GOT ONE MORE WEEK!

SHE'S MAKING PROGRESS, MICHAEL! I'M REALLY GOING TO LET HER DRIVE TODAY!

WELL, MRS. MALONEY - ARE YOU ALL SET? THIS IS THE DAY THAT I'M GONNA LET YOU DRIVE!

WONDERFUL! I'M TAKING JUNIOR WITH US - I WANT HIM TO SEE ME!

IT WON'T START BECAUSE YOU FORGOT TO TURN THE KEY!

OH, YES! HOW STUPID OF ME!

THAT'S IT - EASY DOES IT!

LOOK, JUNIOR - MAMA IS DRIVING!

KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE ROAD - NEVER MIND JUNIOR!

JUNIOR - DON'T STAND UP - SIT DOWN ON THE SEAT!

?

MAMA! I'M SCARED!

!

CREEE-EK!

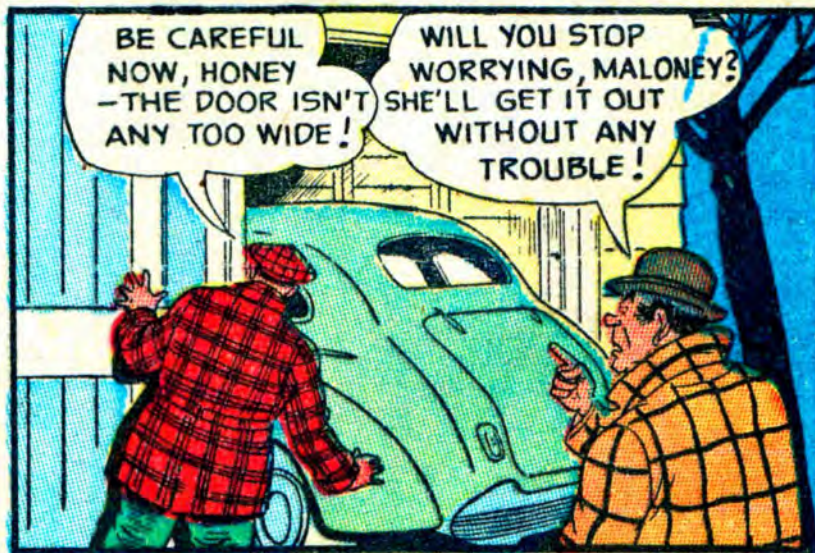
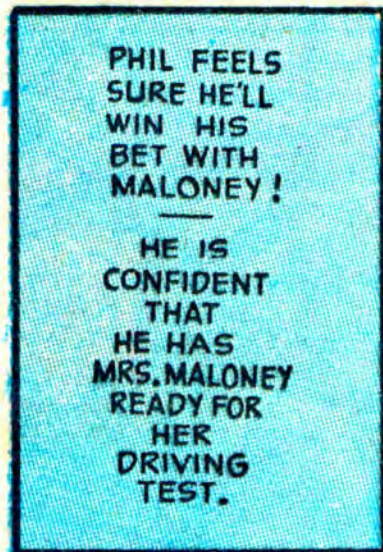
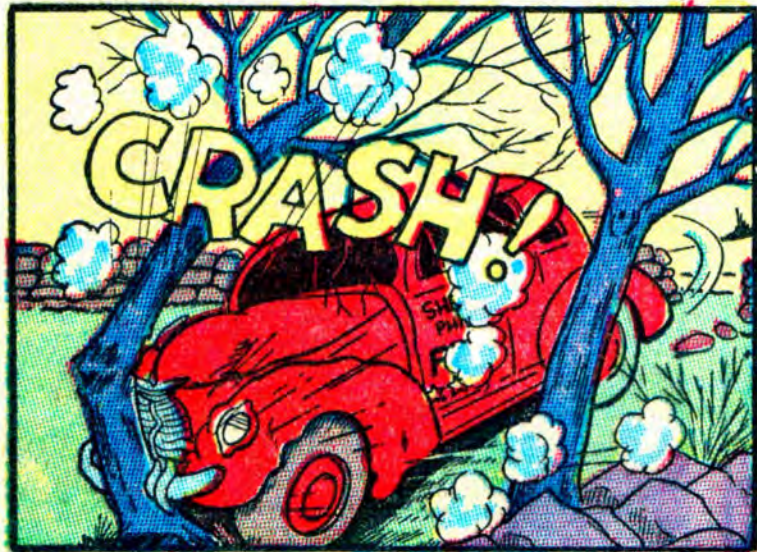
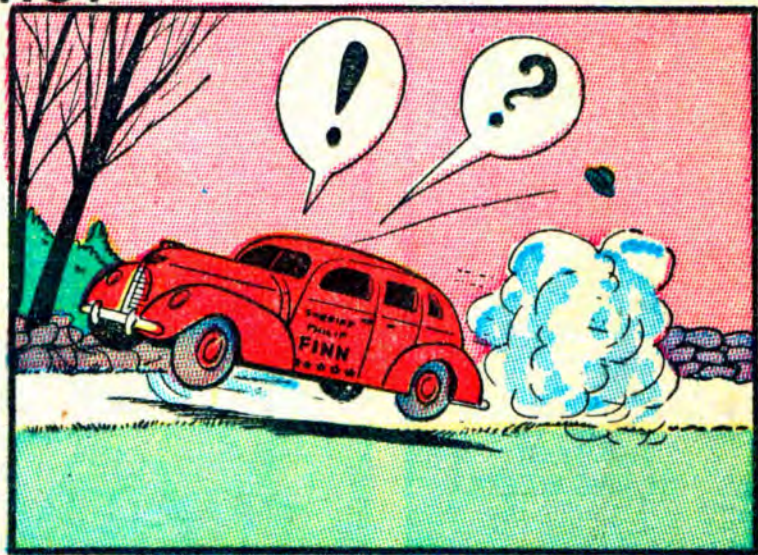
EEEEK!

IT WAS JUNIOR'S FAULT, MRS. MALONEY! NO DAMAGE WAS DONE - SO DON'T LOSE YOUR CONFIDENCE!

I'M ALL RIGHT! DON'T WORRY!

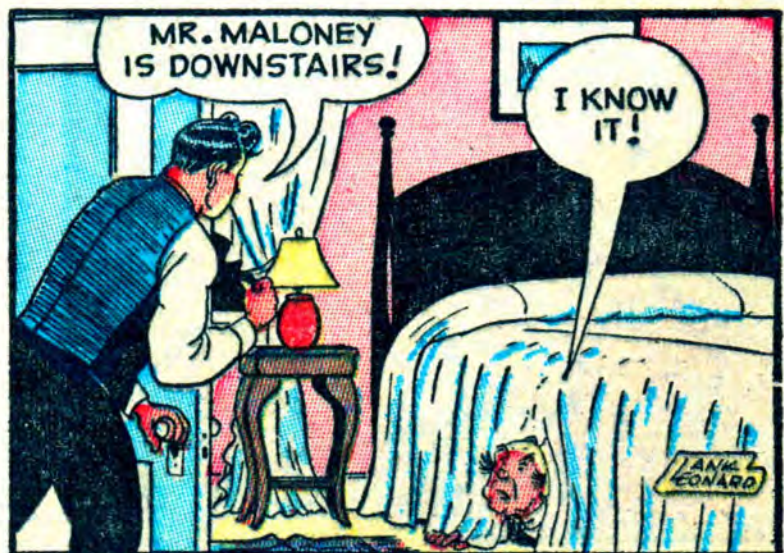
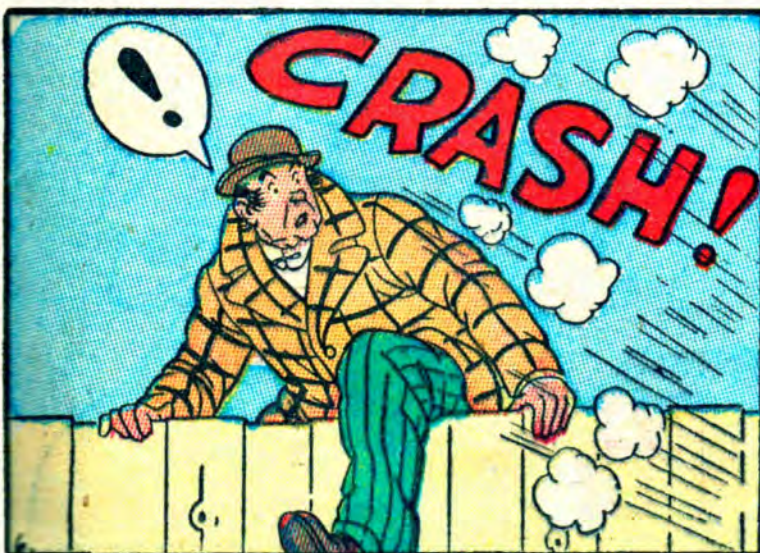
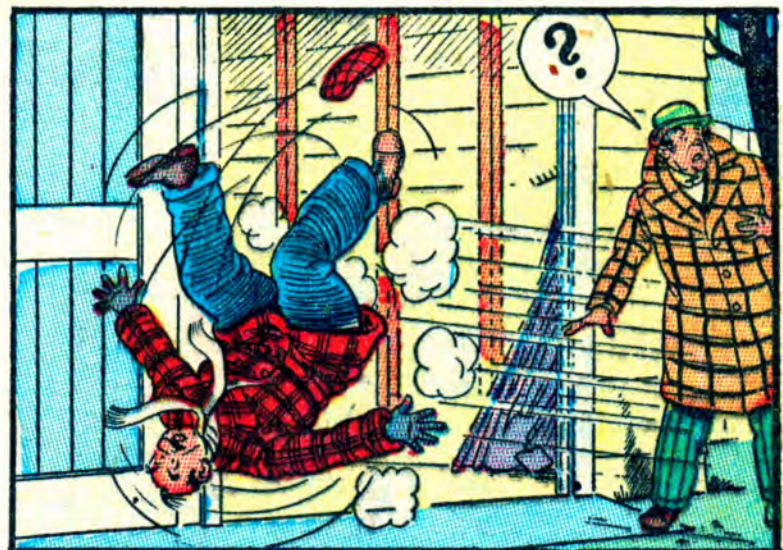
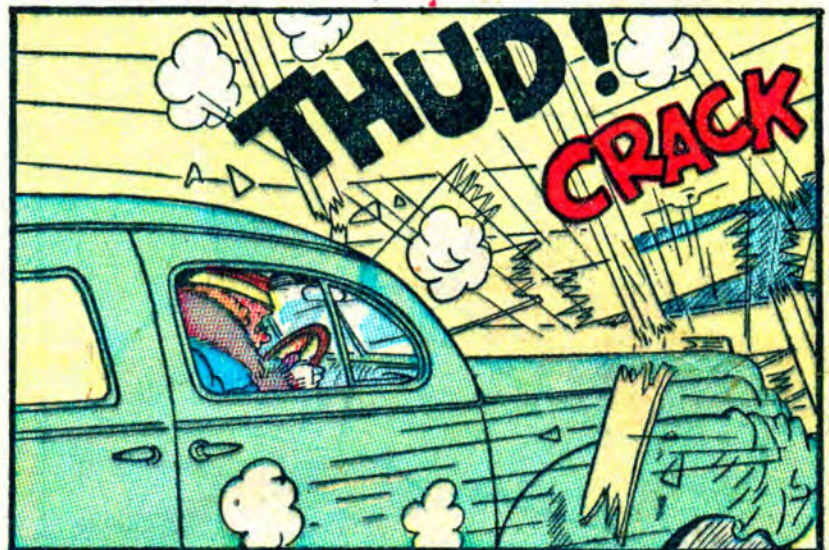
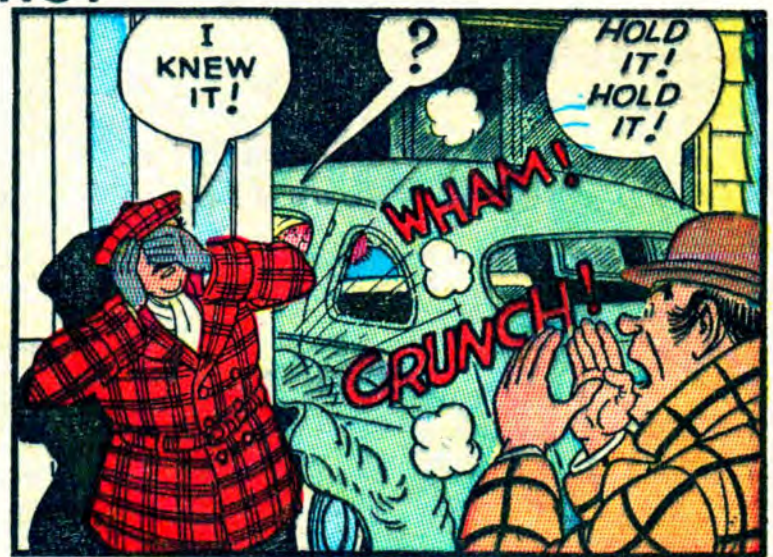
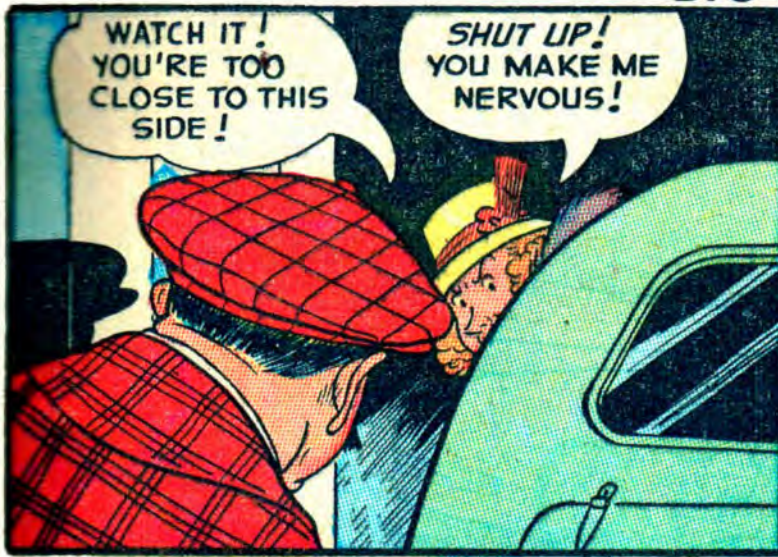


# BIG SHOT





# BIG SHOT





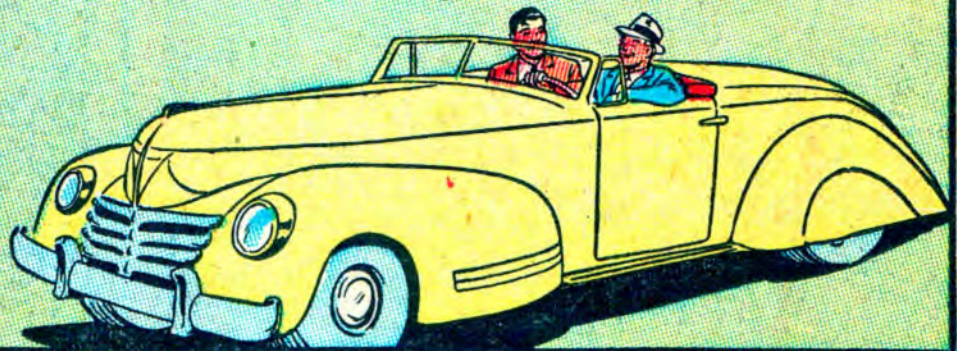
# BIG SHOT

## Hollywood Johnnie

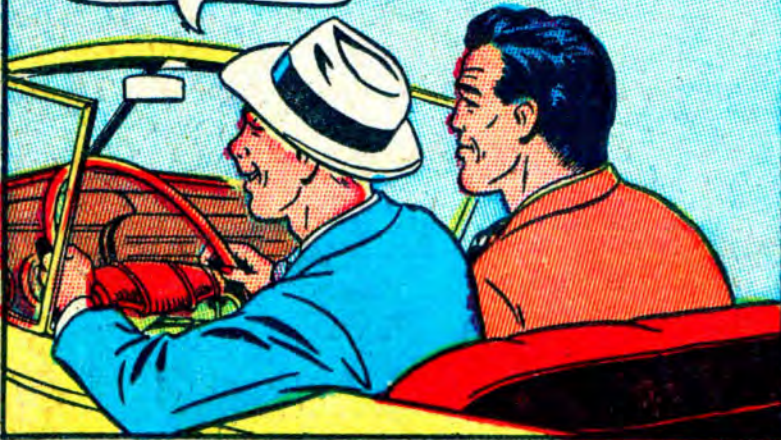
by  
RENNY McEVoy  
AND  
JIM PABIAN

JOHNNIE...SOME OF MY  
FRATERNITY BROTHERS  
ARE IN TOWN AND  
I'D LIKE TO...

YEAH...I KNOW.  
I'LL CONSULT MY  
LI'L RED BOOK...

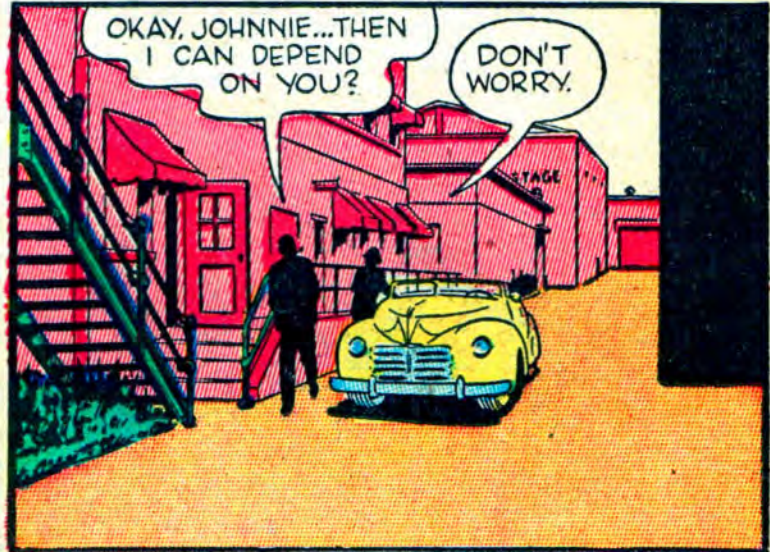


BETTER STILL, DAN...GIMME A LIST OF THE  
GUYS THERE ARE AN' I'LL TALK TO THE  
GALS I KNOW.



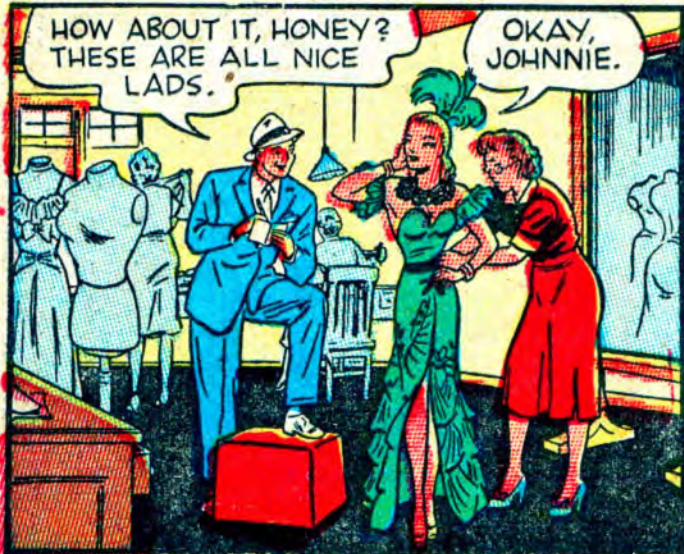
OKAY, JOHNNIE...THEN  
I CAN DEPEND  
ON YOU?

DON'T  
WORRY.



HOW ABOUT IT, HONEY?  
THESE ARE ALL NICE  
LADS.

OKAY,  
JOHNNIE.



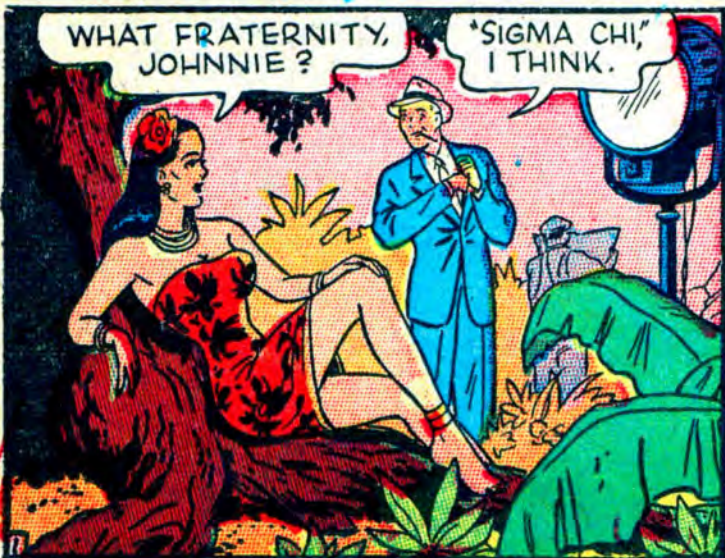
TONIGHT?

RIGHT.



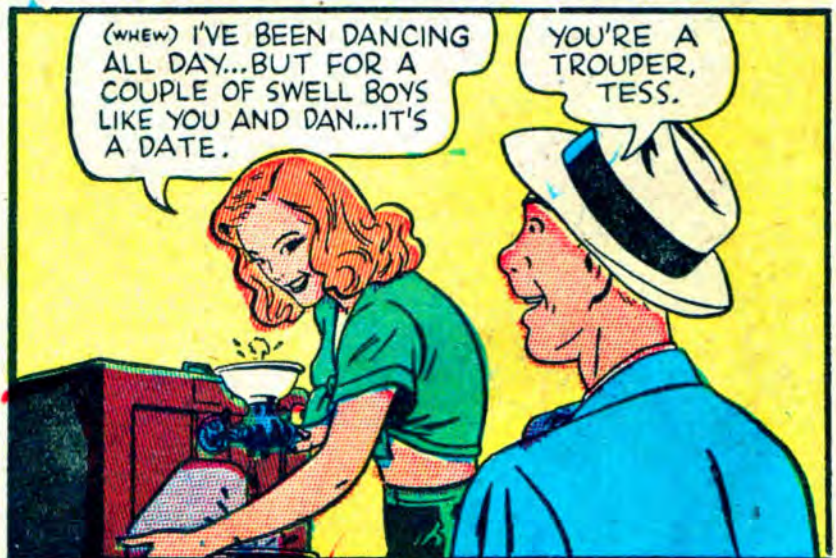
WHAT FRATERNITY,  
JOHNNIE?

'SIGMA CHI,'  
I THINK.



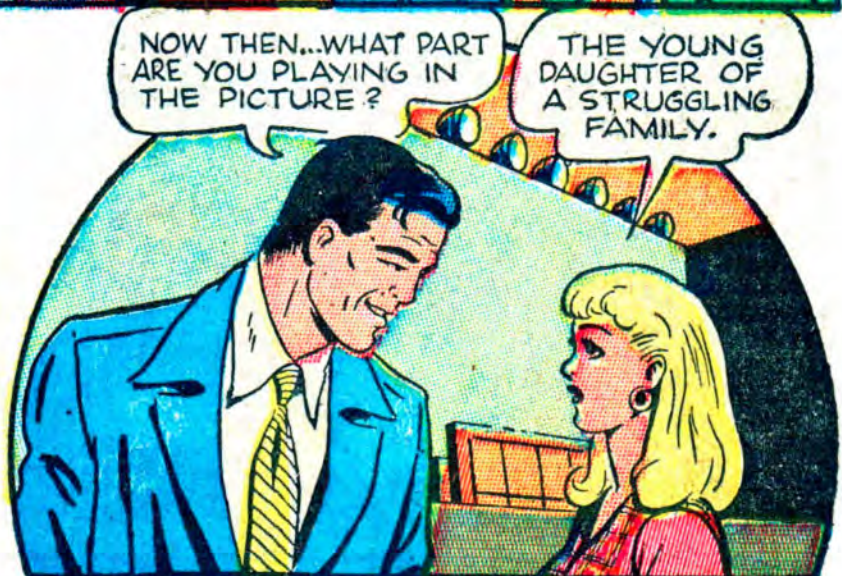
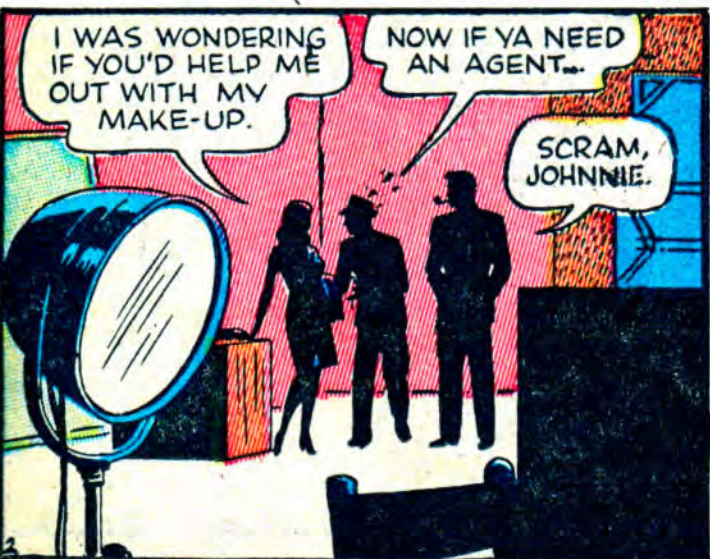
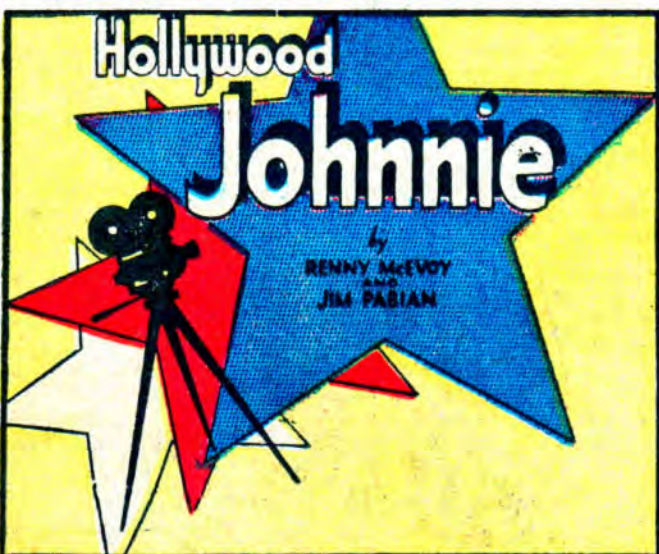
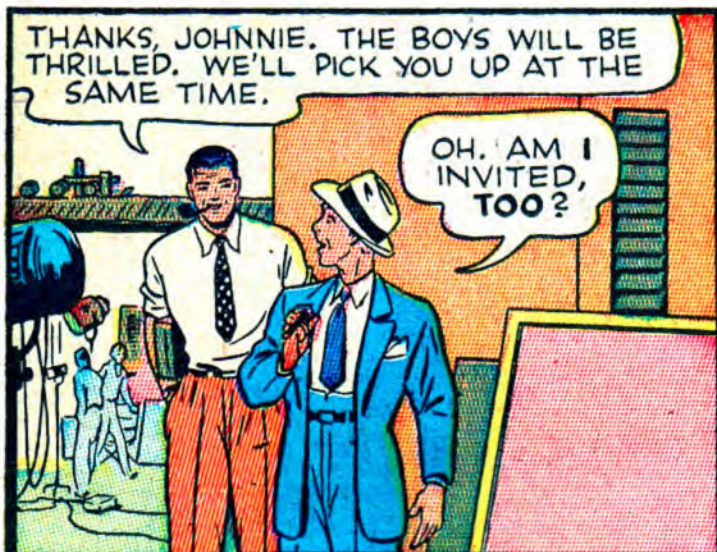
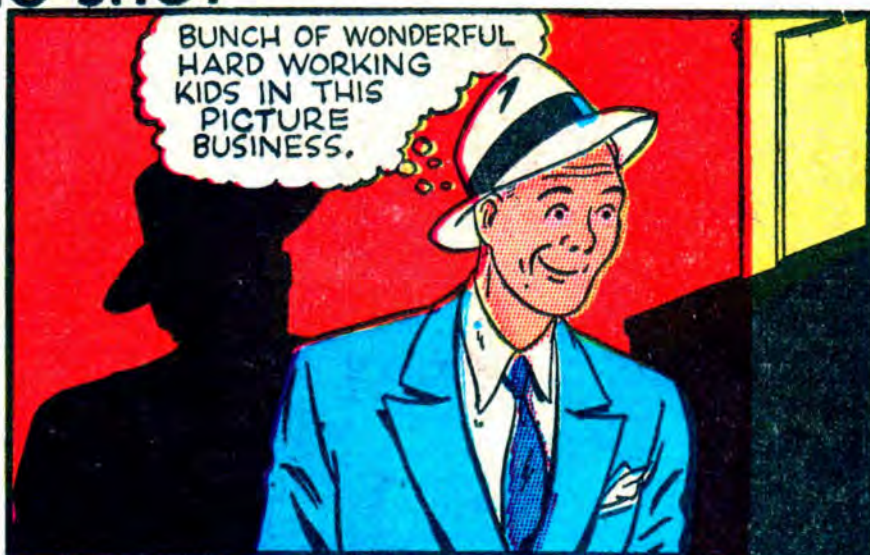
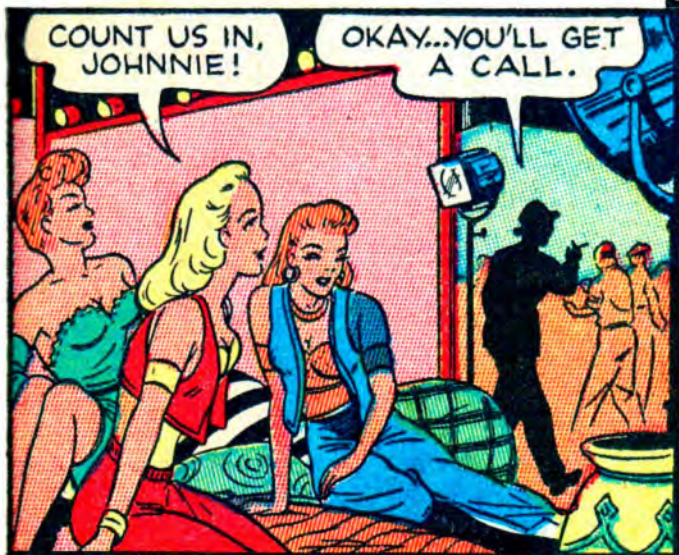
(WHEW) I'VE BEEN DANCING  
ALL DAY...BUT FOR A  
COUPLE OF SWELL BOYS  
LIKE YOU AND DAN...IT'S  
A DATE.

YOU'RE A  
TROUPEUR,  
TESS.



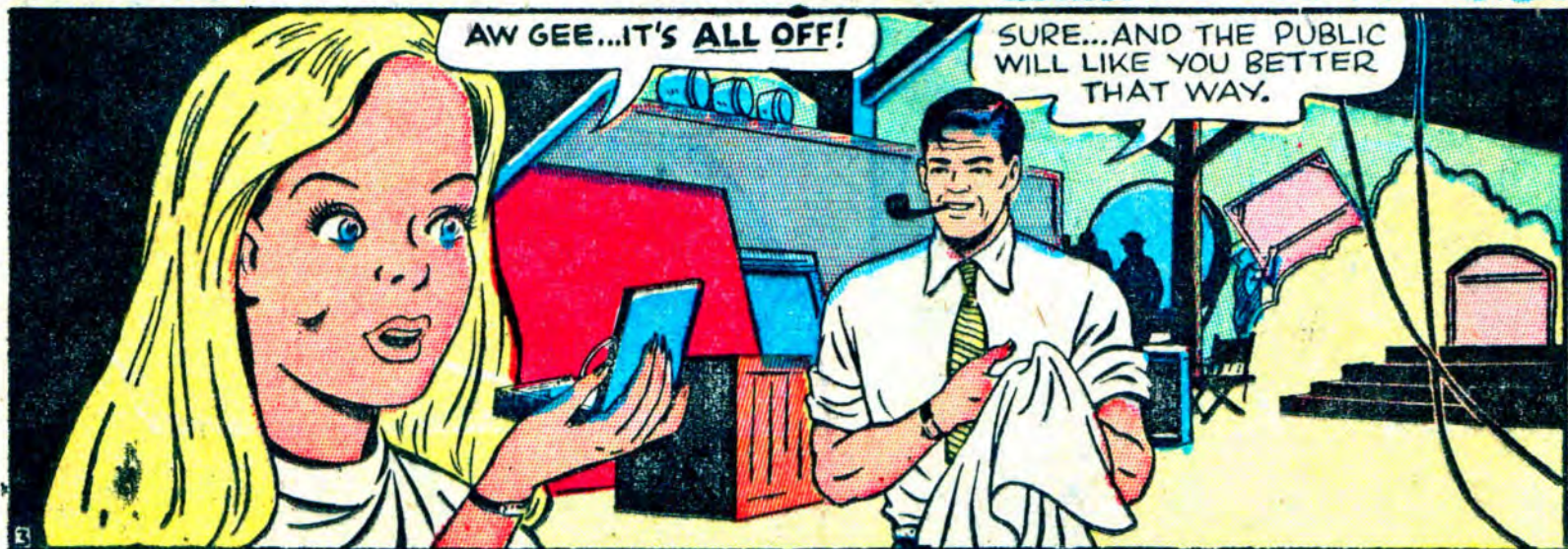
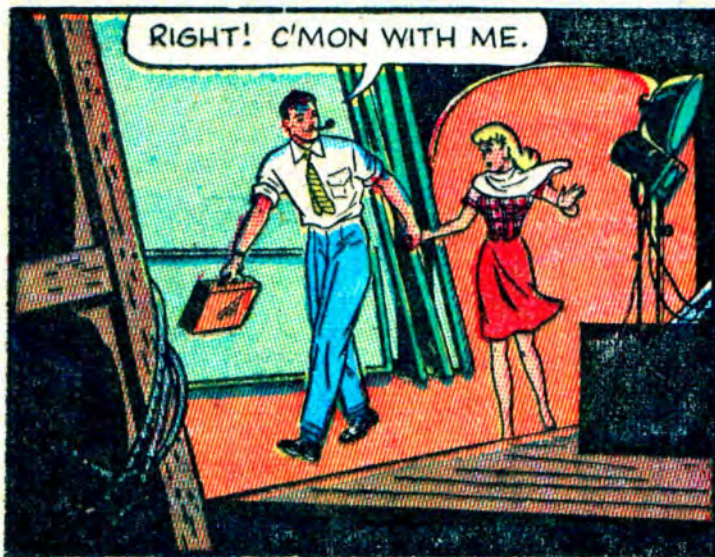
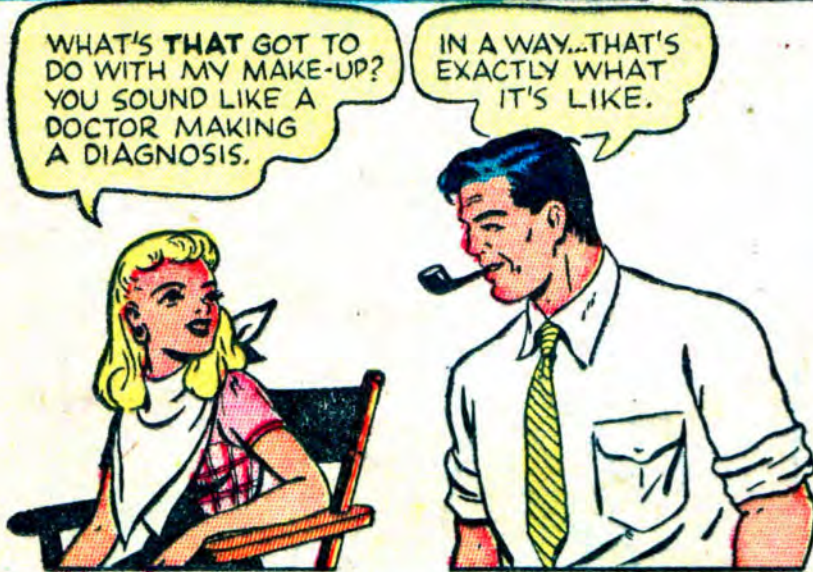
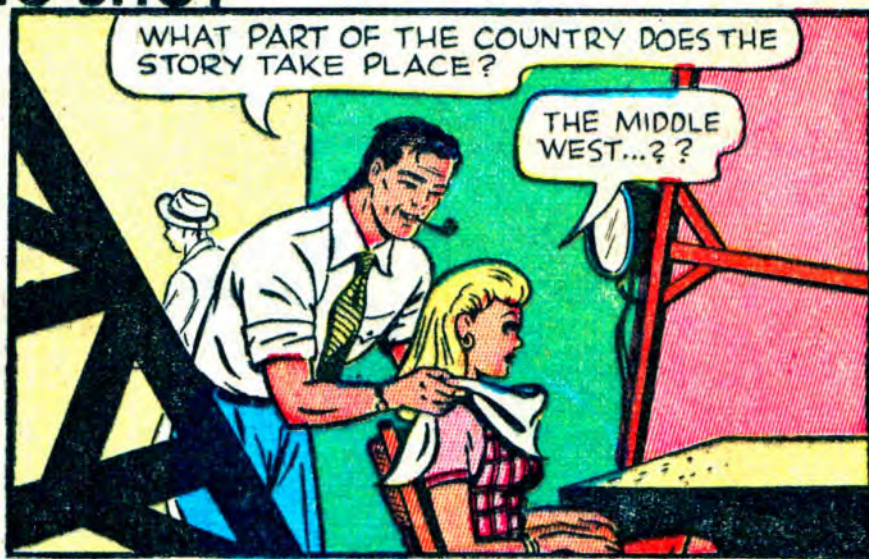


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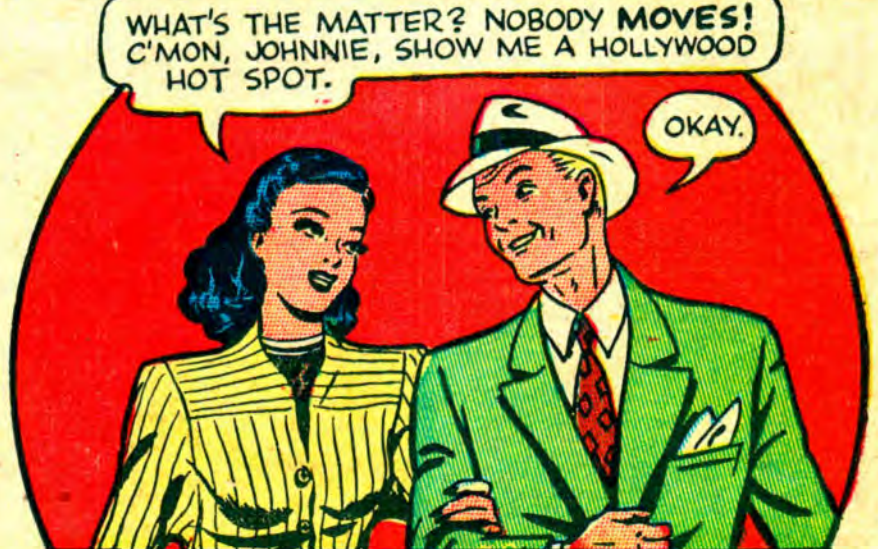
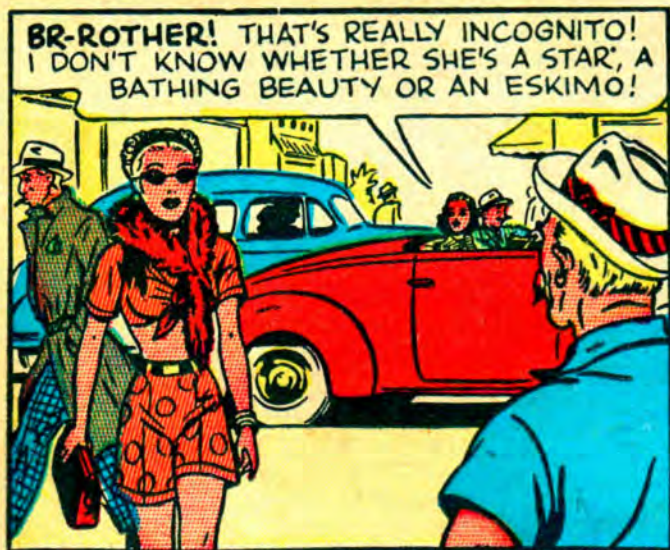
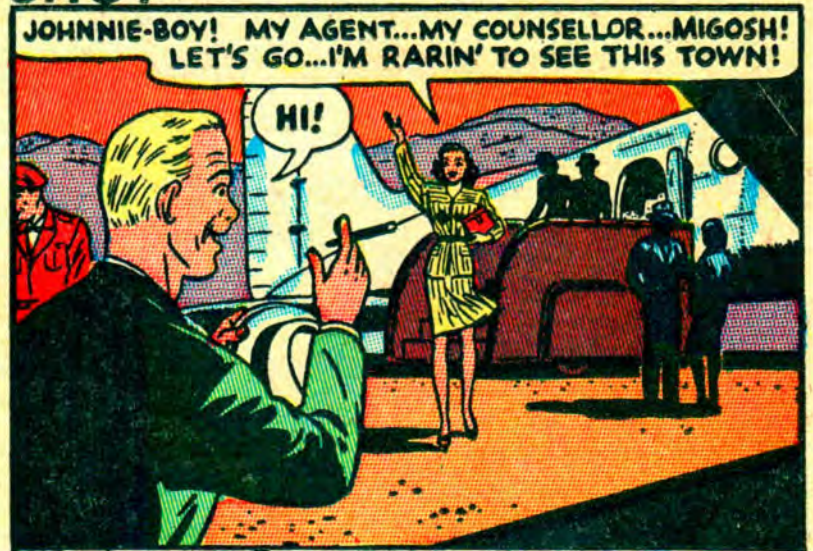




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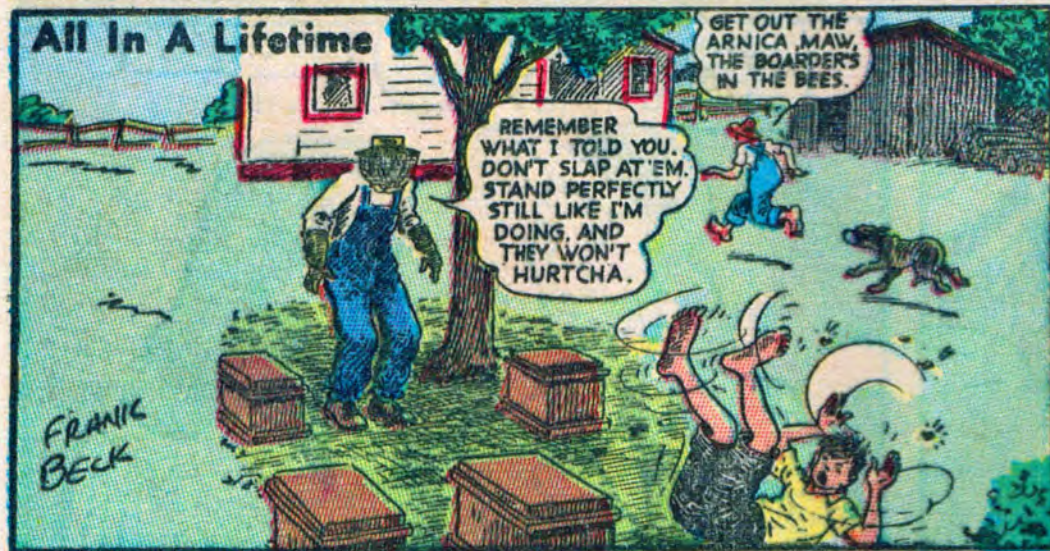
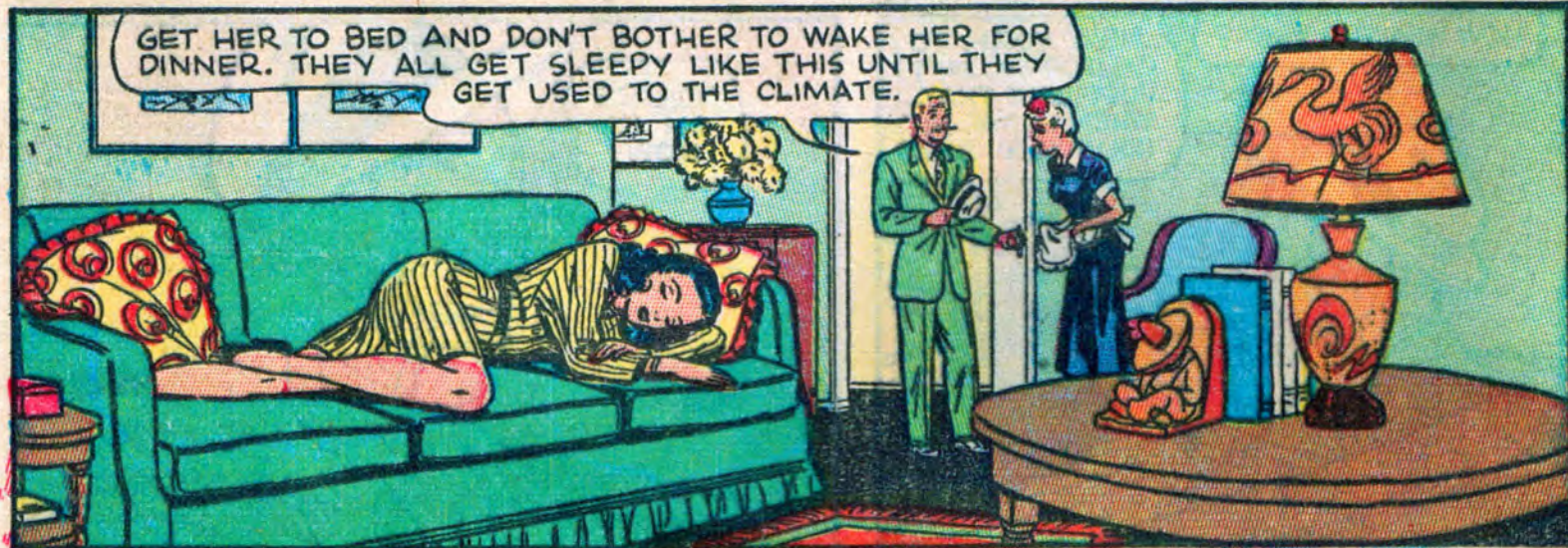








# BIG SHOT



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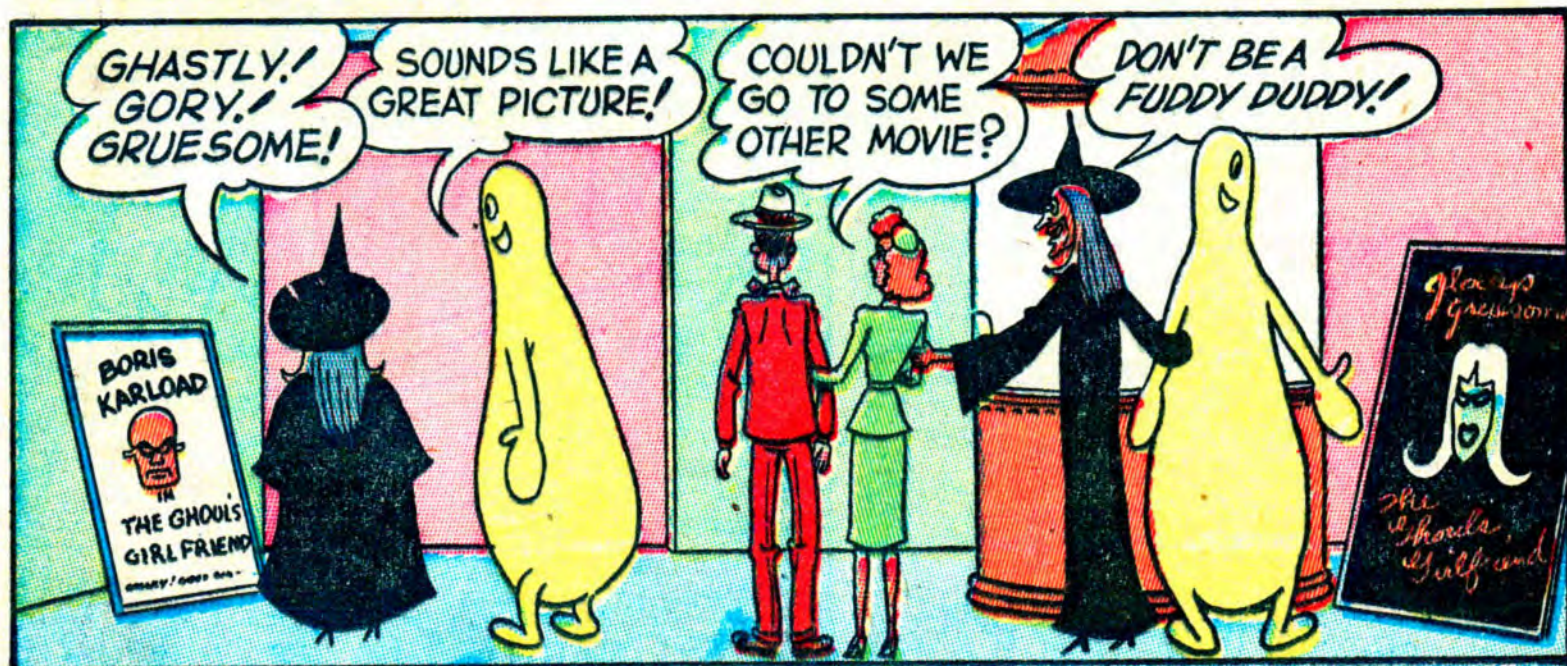
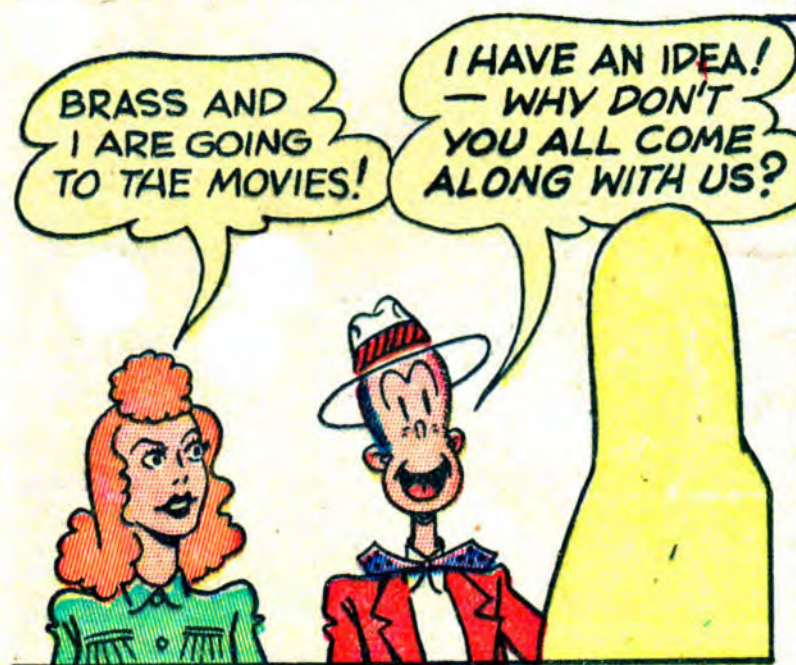
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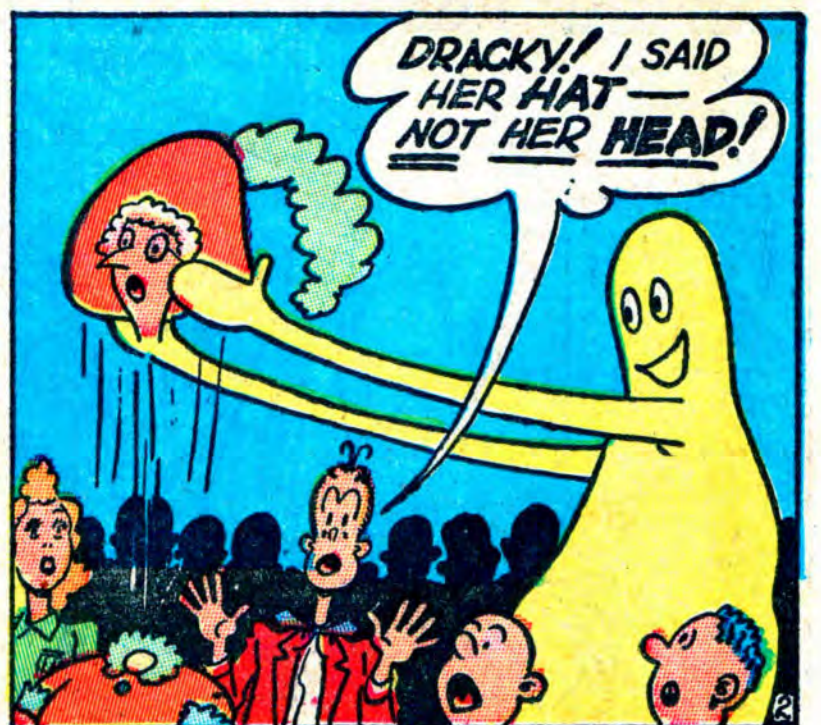
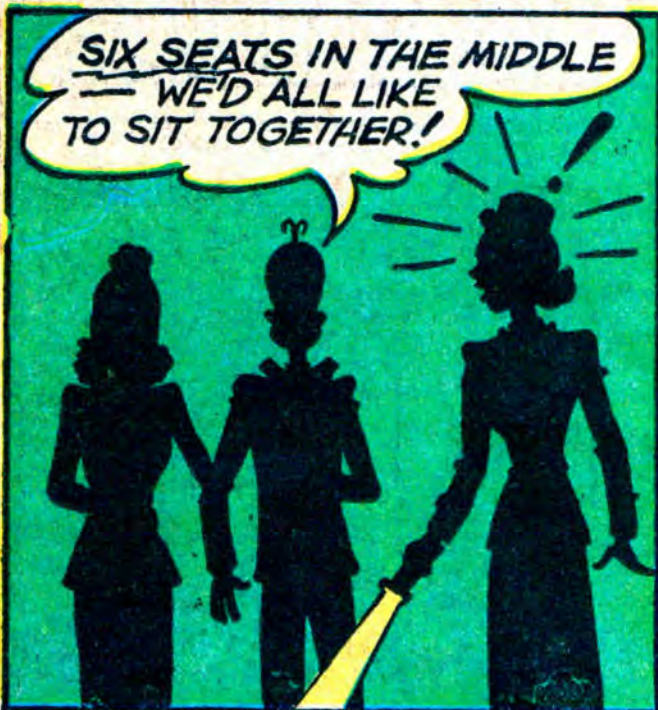
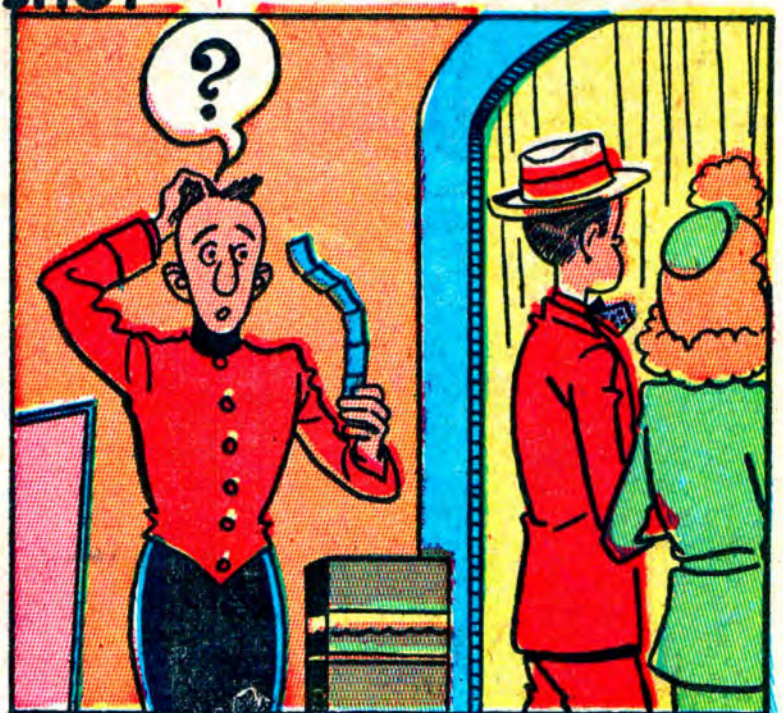


# BIG SHOT BRASS KNUCKLES

by MARTY MARION

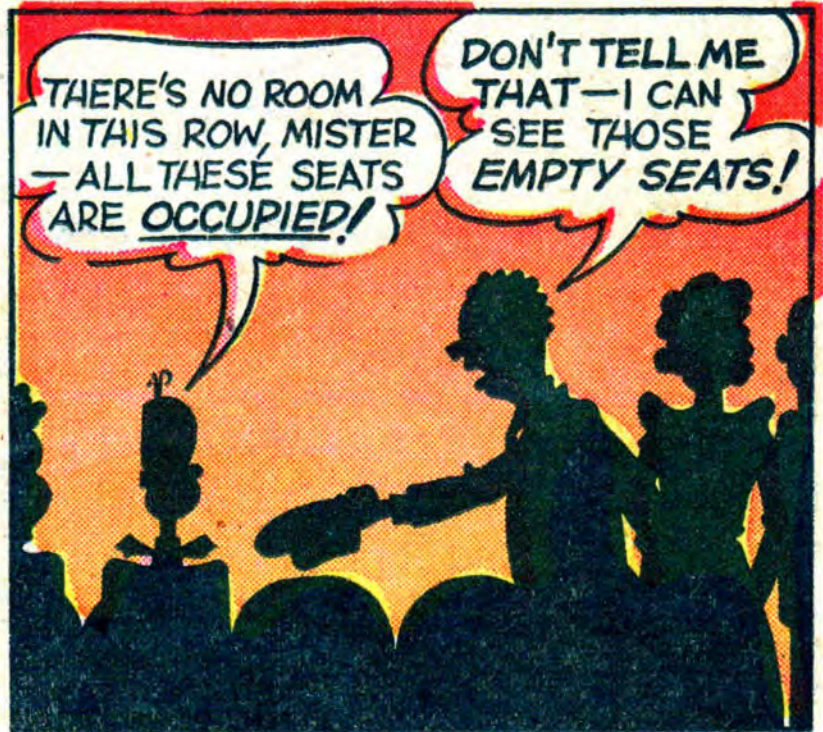
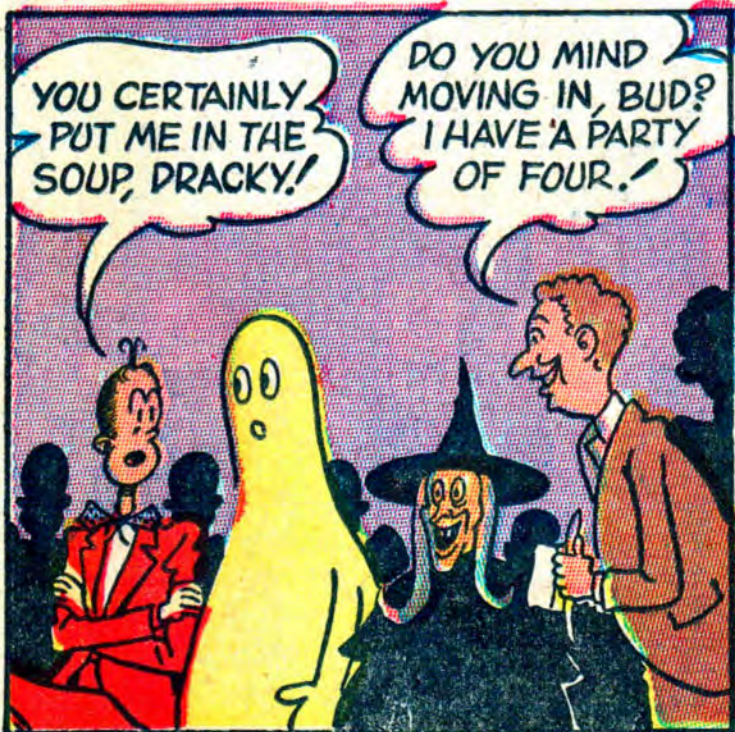






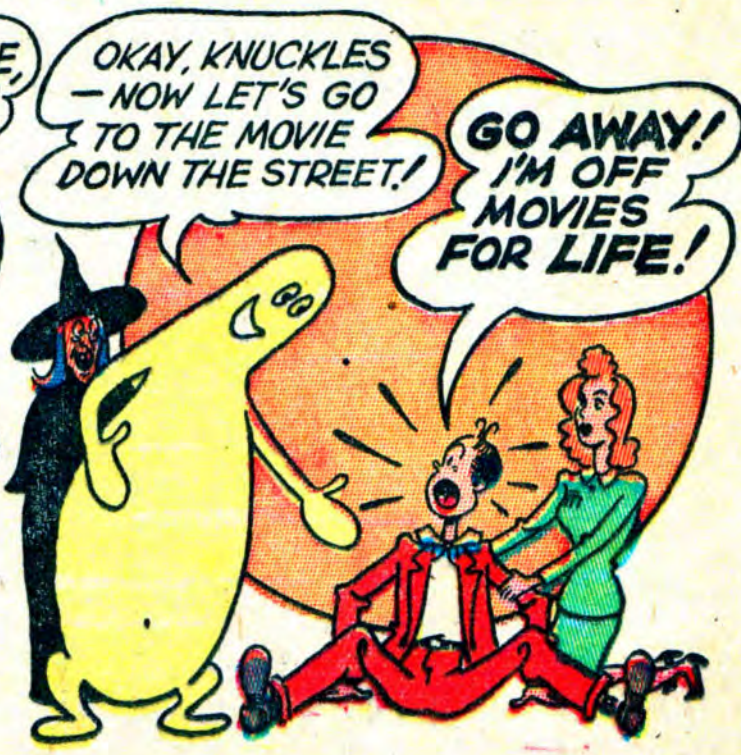
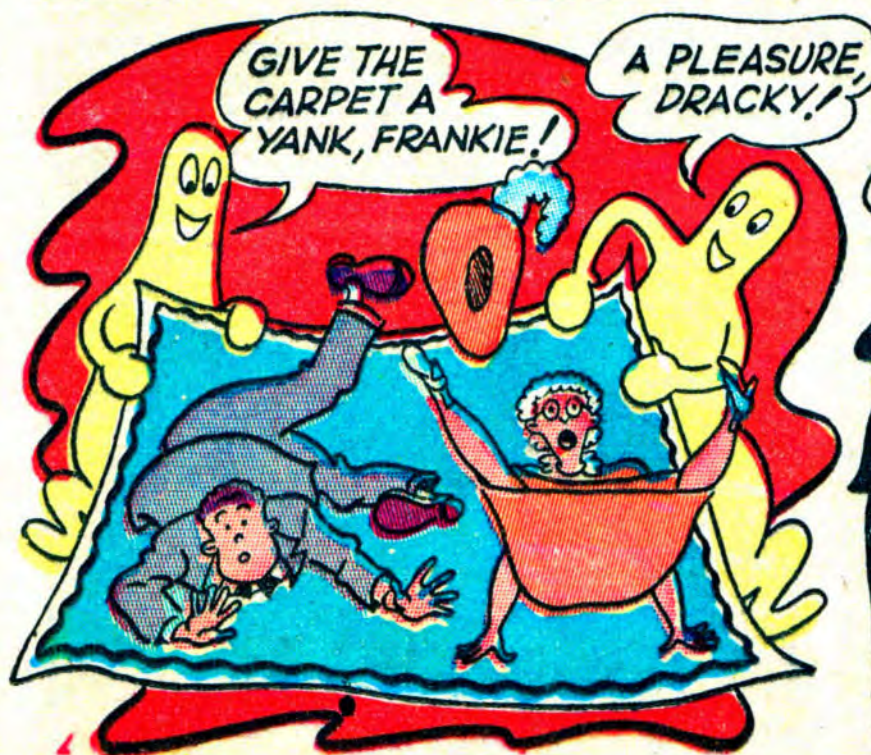
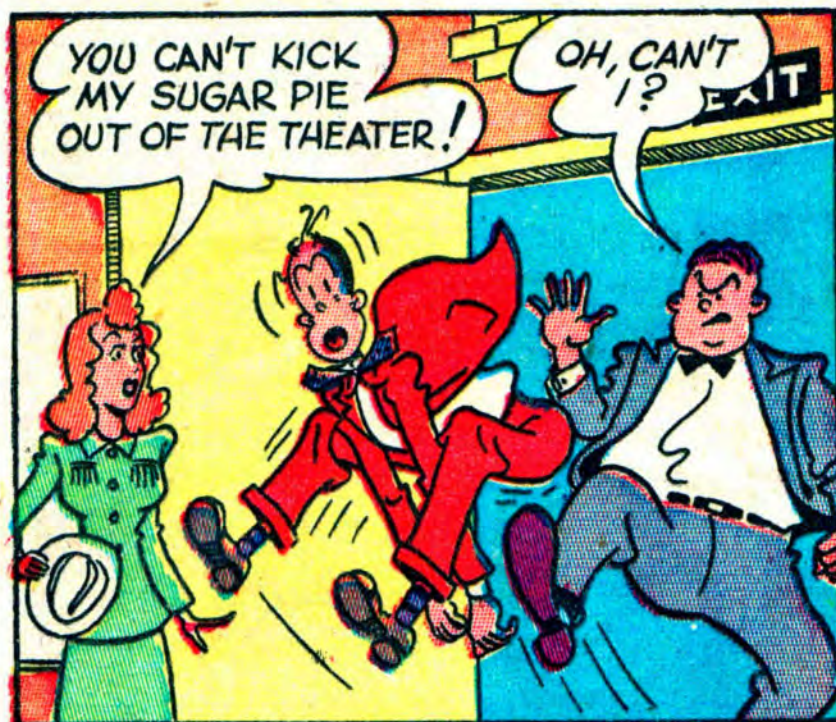
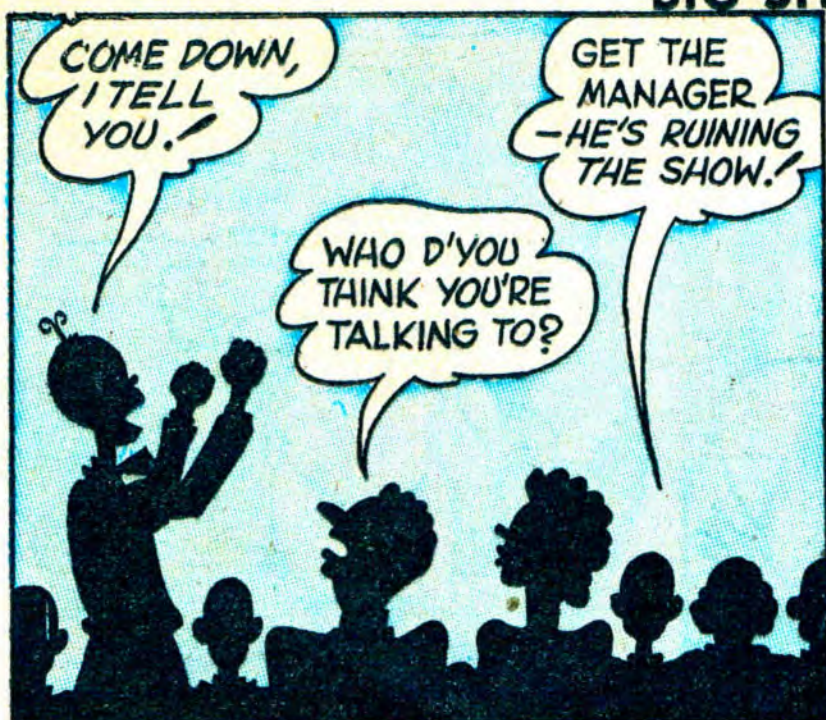


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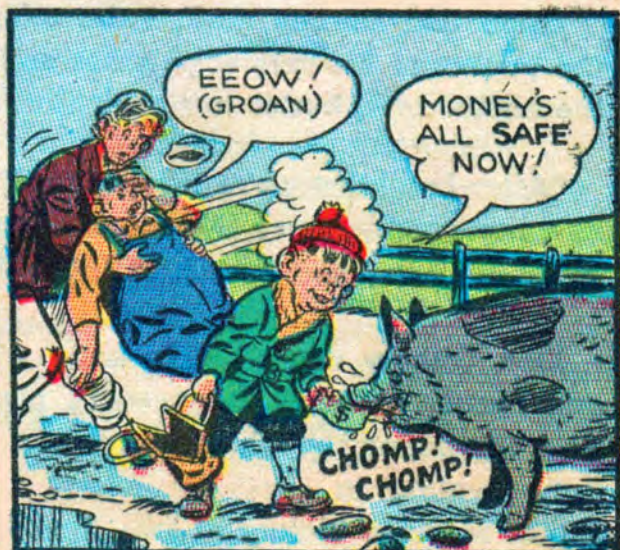
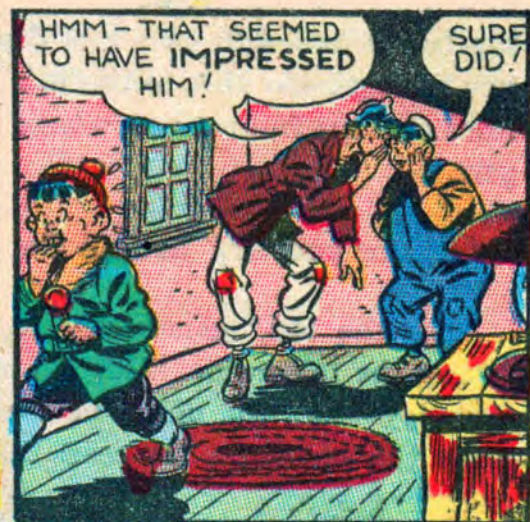
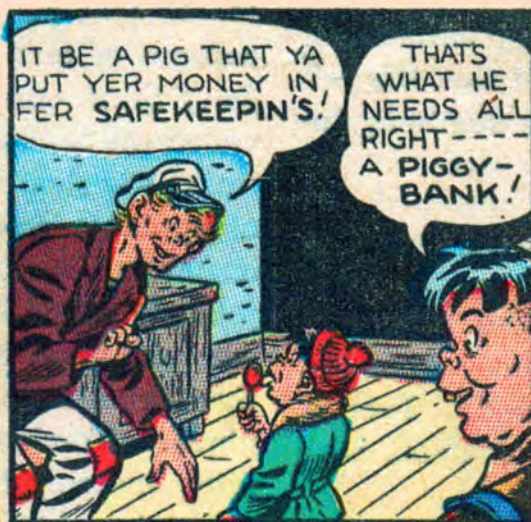
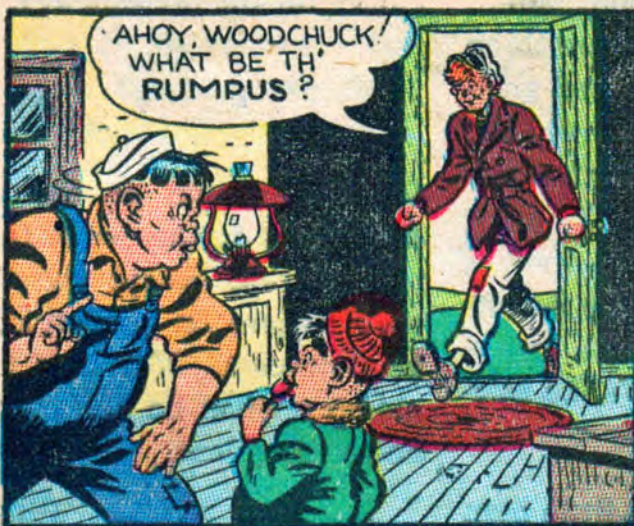
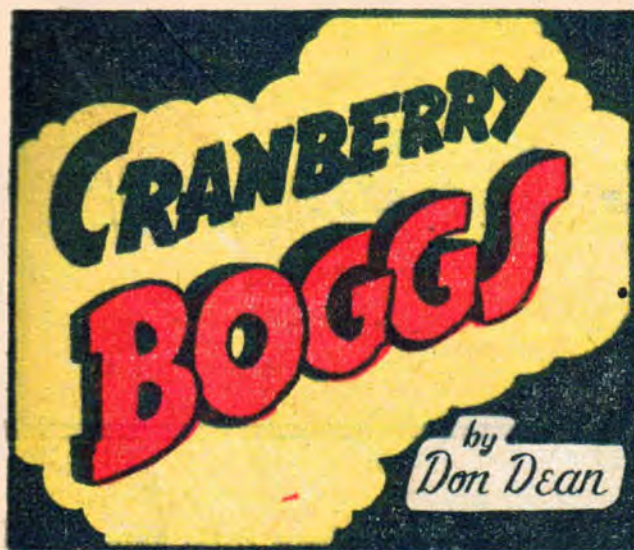


# BIG SHOT





# BIG SHOT





# A Gentleman Calls

By MART BAILEY

THE WESTERN UNION BOY nearly collapsed out of sheer fright. Surging about him in the sudden light that flooded the hall were three looney creatures, two in night clothes and grinning idiotically, the other sartorially correct but gassy and chalky. Each was armed with a terrible mediaeval weapon.

"Hello, buddy!" cheerfully greeted the carrot-haired scarecrow in the yellow pajamas, lowering his two-handed broadsword. "Who's the telegram for?"

The boy gulped, speechless. A thin little man in a drafty nightshirt put down his wicked-looking battle axe with an air of disappointment at not having been able to use it, and took the yellow envelope from the messenger's trembling fingers.

"It's for you, sir," he told Good Old Bumpy.

"Tip the lad," generously replied the other, taking the telegram. "Get the money from Mr. Gilholy—he's the only one dressed." Tearing open the envelope, he read the contents with twinkling eyes.

Good Old Bumpy stuffed the telegram into the pocket of his yellow pajamas and signalled the nightshirted butler to re-bolt the front door.

"After breakfast we're leaving for Plurtotles," he announced. "Jerry Swancourt's having a big week-end party and Fourth of July celebration."

Don Gilholy winced. He knew what week-end parties at Jerry Swancourt's place meant. And envisaging the added horror of a Fourth of July rivaling in explosive effects the United States Marines' victory at Iwo Jima, his bruised spirit quailed. Still, as Good Old Bumpy ad-

vised, he would be safer there from gangdom's guns—for the present, at least.

\* \* \* \* \*

GREAT should be the rejoicing of all true Americans on the eve of Independence Day. No, real patriot, except those who have scorched their fingers on premature firecrackers, should be downcast. Yet Don Gilholy could not remember when he had ever felt more depressed and despondent.

About him, in the main parlor of Plurtotles Manor (the magnificent estate which three generations of turtle soup canners had erected for Jerry Swancourt to throw parties in) there prevailed the festive spirit of the morrow. No fireworks were yet in evidence, but a thin fusillade of applause crackled through the dusk-lighted chamber. Nearly an hour before, someone had jokingly asked Frankie Crosby to sing. Those who best know that bathroom tenor will tell you this was a *faux pas*—if they can think of the phrase. Frankie, of course, complied, and, soulfully fingering the ivories, blasted through his repertoire of love ballads. This sort of thing is contagious, especially in a group composed mostly of professional and amateur talent. As soon as Frankie was dragged away from the piano, a vacationing master of ceremonies took over. Thereafter the more discriminating guests fled. Adagio dancers, crooners, acrobats, elocutionists, all passed in endless review.

Upon the first indication that this impromptu entertainment was not going to be suppressed, Jack Beerymore hurried to his room for the checkered suit, gray derby, and purple spats he wore in *Limehouse Louey*. (Open Next Month. Matinees Wednesdays.)



## BIG SHOT

At the moment when we find Don Gilholy slumped in an isolated armchair and bewailing his existence, the dynamic actor with the classic profile had just seated himself, impatiently awaiting his turn—and towards the piano was moving beautiful Mademoiselle Fifi D'Eaufontaine.

When Good Old Bumpy first suggested that the vibrant Parisienne be invited to Plurttotles, Don's joy knew no bounds. Now he wished he had never rested eyes upon the luscious French ambassadoress to Broadway's night club life. Mademoiselle Fifi D'Eaufontaine (he used to call her "Fifi") had become the bane of his life, a thorn in his side, a pain in the neck, a—but you get the idea. During the past two days, whenever the buoyant mademoiselle approached, Don positively shuddered.

For, strangely enough, Fifi knew all about Benny Ratsoff's intentions. And she heartily approved! Don quivered to the roots as he remembered the enthusiasm sparkling in her dark eyes when she compared the inevitable meeting of Don and Benny Ratsoff to the tournaments which chivalrous knights fought for their ladies fair. Don's assurances that Benny Ratsoff, the gangster, intended only giving him a slight case of cold-blooded murder, possibly in a cement block at the bottom of the East River, made no impression; and his frank admissions of cowardice, where underworld gunmen were concerned, only occasioned an unbelieving smile. Don goose-pimpled when he recalled the joyous parting of crimson lips and the flash of white teeth in the late afternoon sunlight as the little French girl exclaimed delightedly: "Zees duel, eez eet not wonderful? My name will be in all thees newspapers!" And this was the woman he loved!

Watching the mademoiselle fluff her raven hair and tongue her alluring red lips while the pianist trilled through the introductory bars, Don groaned aloud. But deep as was his dejection then, it was plunged deeper when Fifi turned to him and throatily began crooning, "I'll Be Glad When Yo' Dead, Yo' Rascal Yo'!"

Wincing, Don shut his eyes and held his hands to his ears. So effective were these measures in shutting out the world and the underworld that Don first recognized that someone desired his attention only when someone pinched his arm. Opening his eyes, but still holding his ears, Don saw Randolph the butler towering above him.

"I beg your pardon, sir," whispered the perfect servant and mace wielder. "But there is a gentleman who wishes to see you."

Don lessened the pressure against his ears, intending to admit only the butler's words, but now even the utmost caution could not stem out the throaty blasts of Fifi, who was giving of her best.

"What do you want?" he growled.

Patiently the butler repeated that a gentleman wished to see Mr. Don Gilholy.

"Where is he?"

"In the back driveway, by the servants' quarters, sir. That is how I—"

"What's his name?" demanded the columnist in a cracked whisper.

"He did not say, sir. He just said he wished to see you, and that he hadn't a lot of time to spare waiting, either."

Don caught the butler's wrist. "What does the gentleman look like?" he gulped.

Randolph frowned down at his wrinkled cuff, but the columnist, clutching it like the Last Straw, refused to let go. Philosophically, Randolph sighed and began his word portrait: "He is a short, dark gentleman with beetling black brows, a squashed nose, and—" Randolph, like a meticulous Rembrandt, carefully added the last brush-stroke to complete the portrait: "—and a long knife scar on his right cheek."

"Benny Ratsoff!" blurted the columnist, white-faced.

For an instant he was petrified in the act of rising from the armchair, mouth and eyes agape, one hand gripping the servant's wrist, the other distended in mid-air. Then he leaped to his feet, rushed wildly across the parlor, heedless of astonished glances and exclamations, and disappeared beyond a portiered archway, pursued by a scorching glare from Mademoiselle Fifi D'Eaufontaine, whom his flight had interrupted in the closing bars of "I'll Be Glad When Yo' Dead, Yo' Rascal Yo'!"

A few seconds later he was frantically barricading the door of his bedroom. Upon the night table, dresser, and floor lamp, second thought prompted him to fling the feather pillows. And then, trembling in every muscle, he crawled under the bed.



BIG SHOT

# The SKYMAN

By Cydon Whetmore

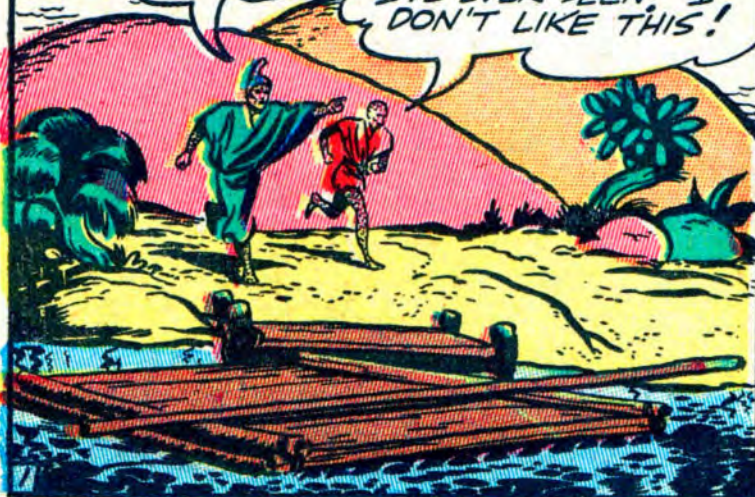


SKYMAN AND ALEC, PURSUING THE VENUSIAN PLANET PIRATES WHO HAVE ABDUCTED, AMONG OTHER EARTH PEOPLE, FAWN AND GLORIA, RAM INTO A SCREAMING SPACE TYPHOON.... WITH BOTH MAN AND MACHINE HELPLESS AGAINST THE FURY, THE ILL-FATED DEUTSCHLAND, OUT OF CONTROL, SETTLES INTO A VENUSIAN LAKE... NOW, SAVE FOR THE SLAPPING OF THE WAVES, ALL IS SILENT.....

BUT AT THE LAKE'S EDGE...

QUICKLY, THE RAFT, PAGON! THERE MAY BE PEOPLE ABOARD THAT CRAFT!

FOREIGN PEOPLE, SIRE! THAT CRAFT IS UNLIKE ANY VENUSIAN SHIP I'VE EVER SEEN! I DON'T LIKE THIS!

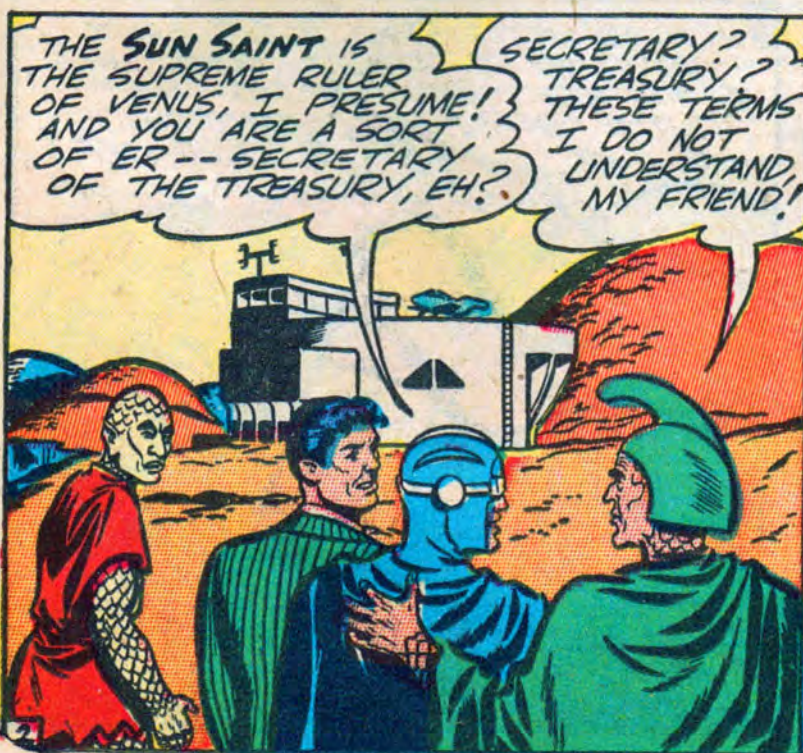
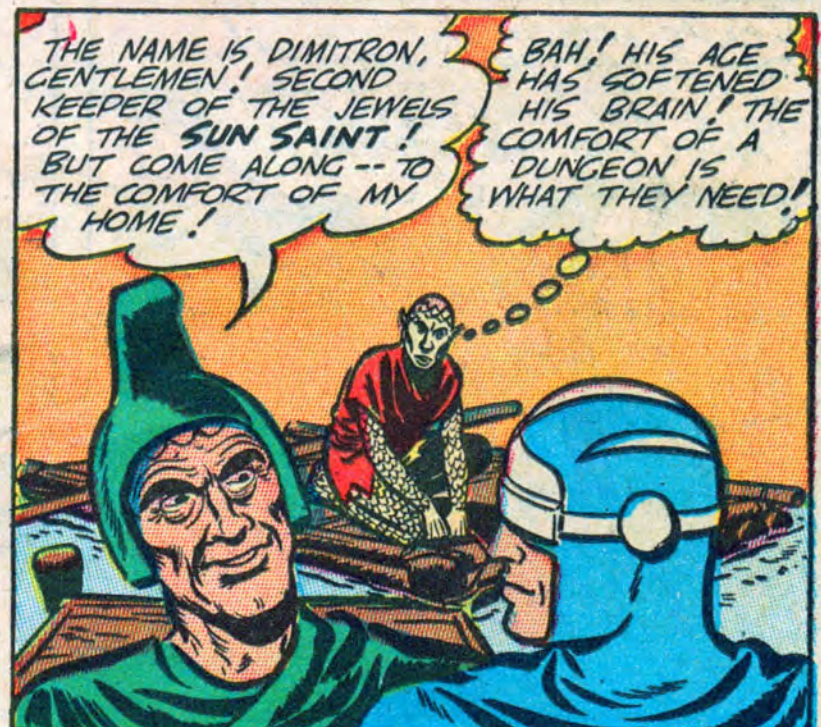
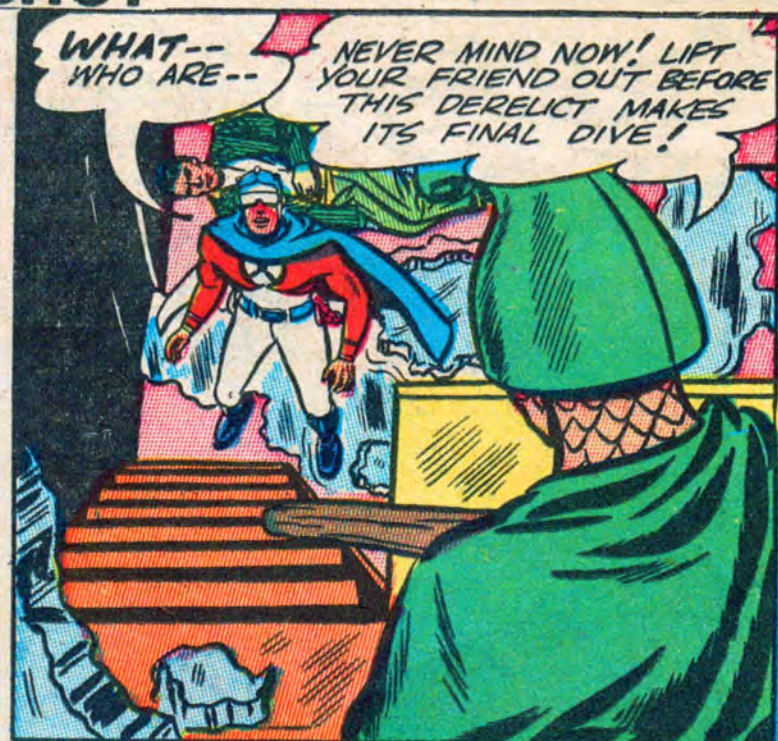


IT WOULD BE WISER IF YOU TURNED THIS MATTER OVER TO CAPTAIN SLOGGA OR THE VENUSIAN POLICE!

IT WOULD BE WISER IF YOU PADDLED FASTER AND PRATTLED LESS!

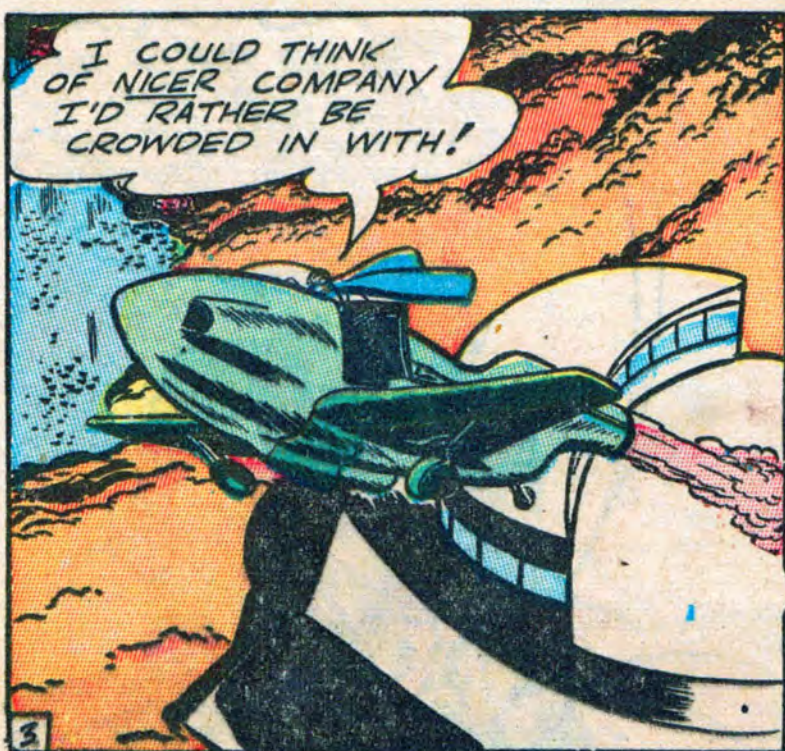
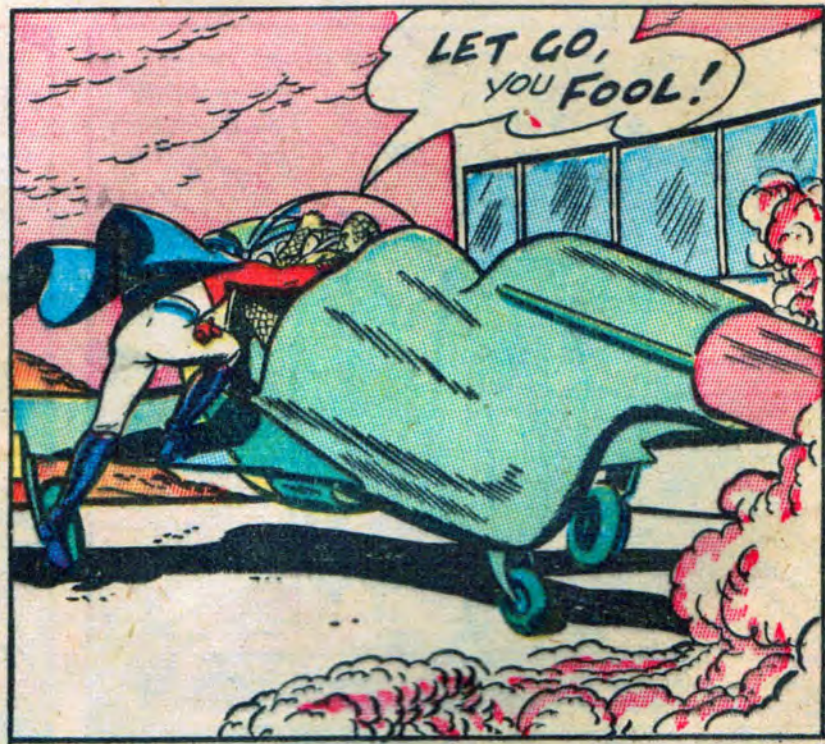
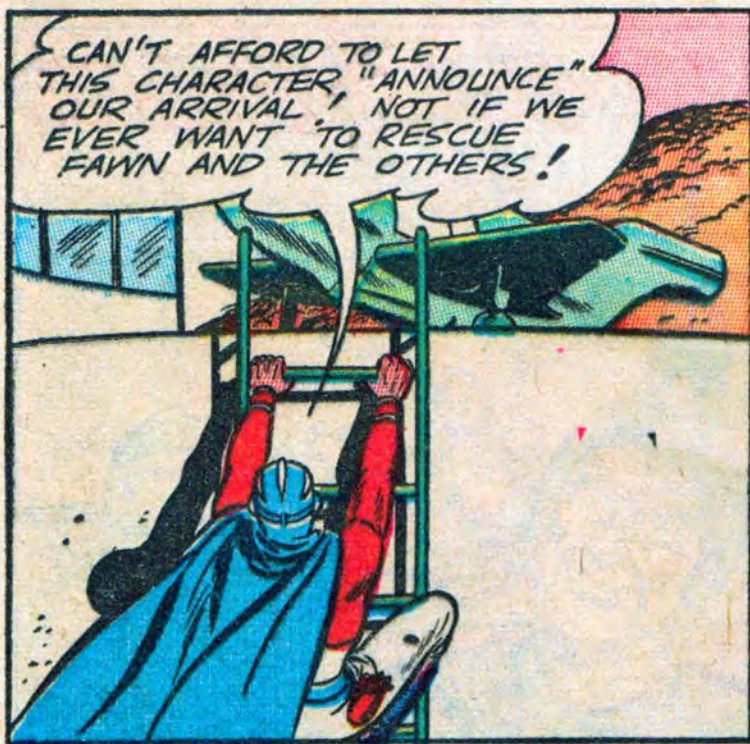
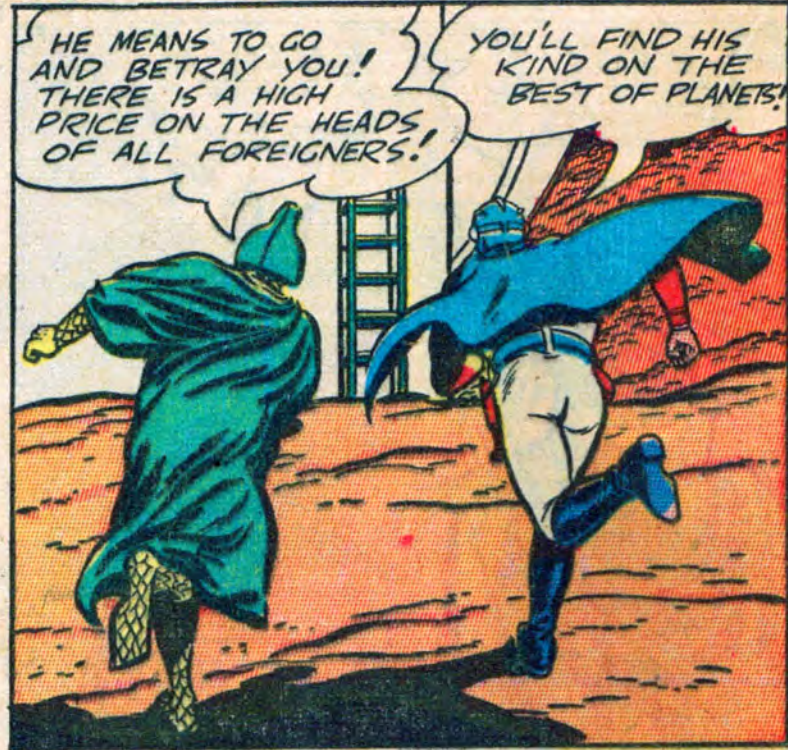






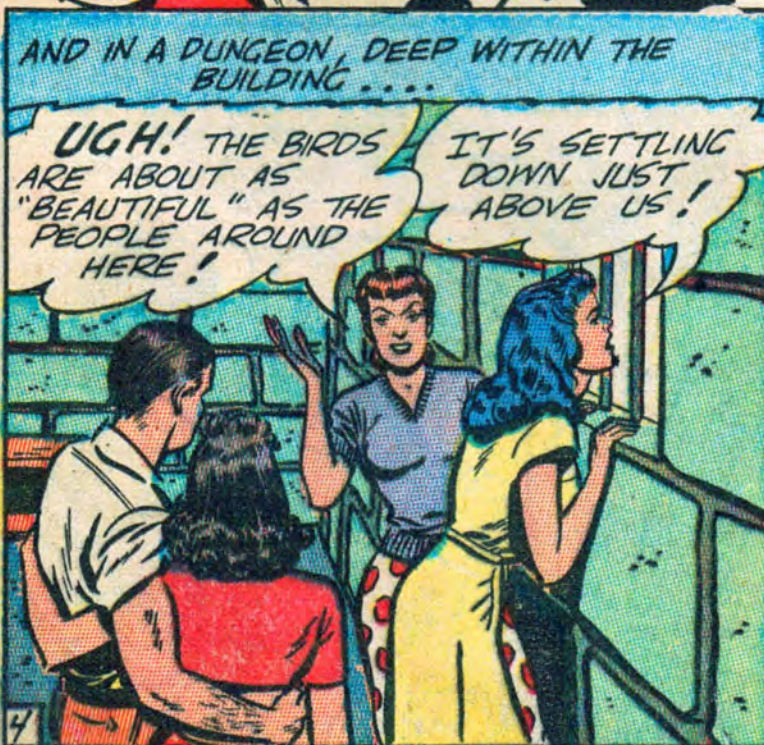
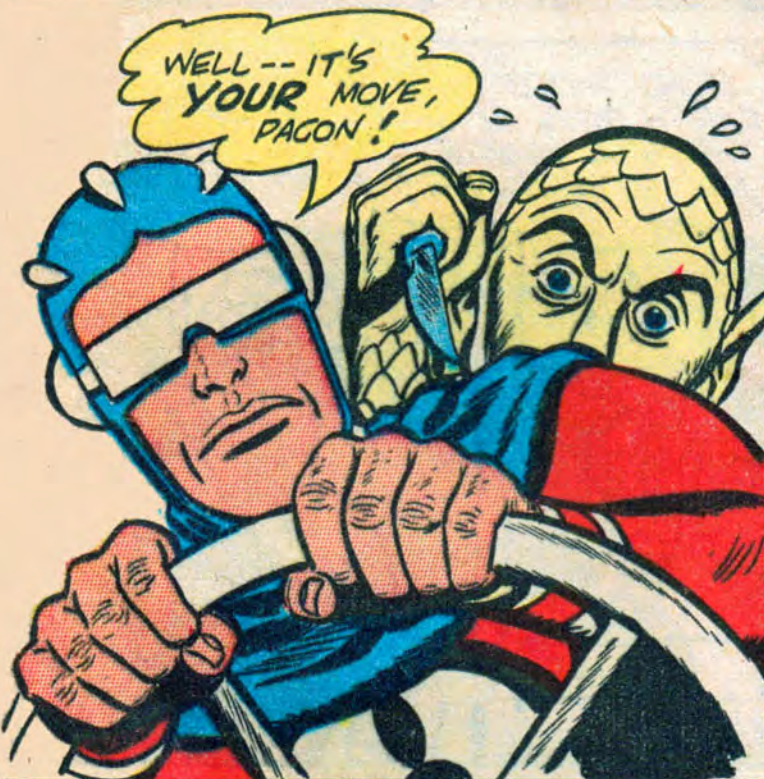
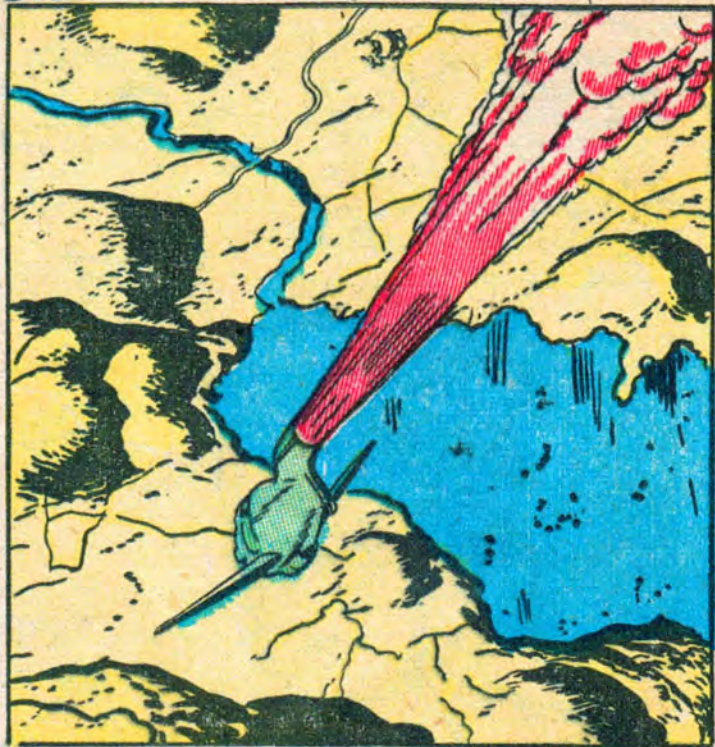
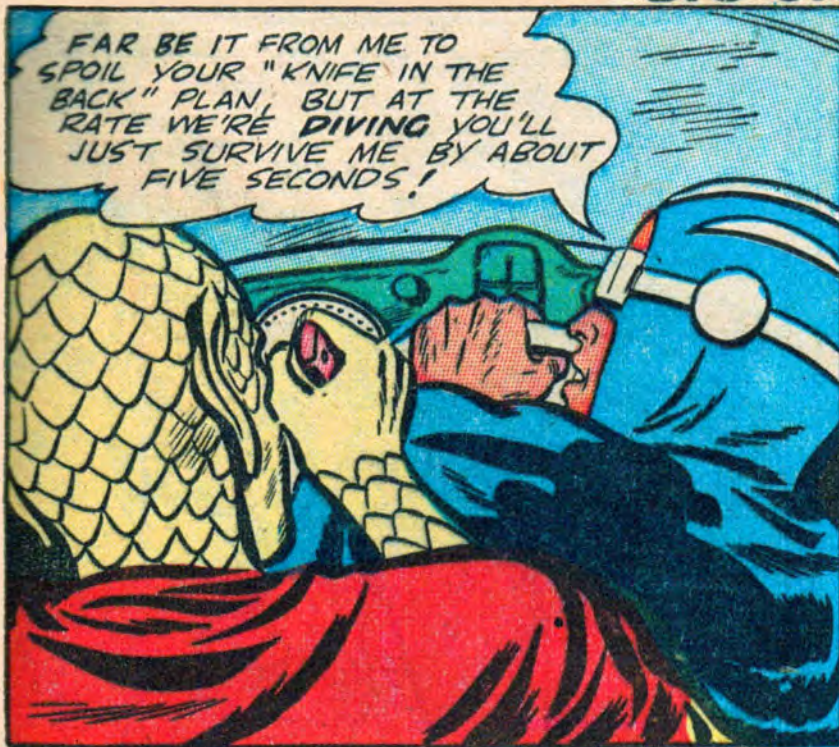


# BIG SHOT





# BIG SHOT



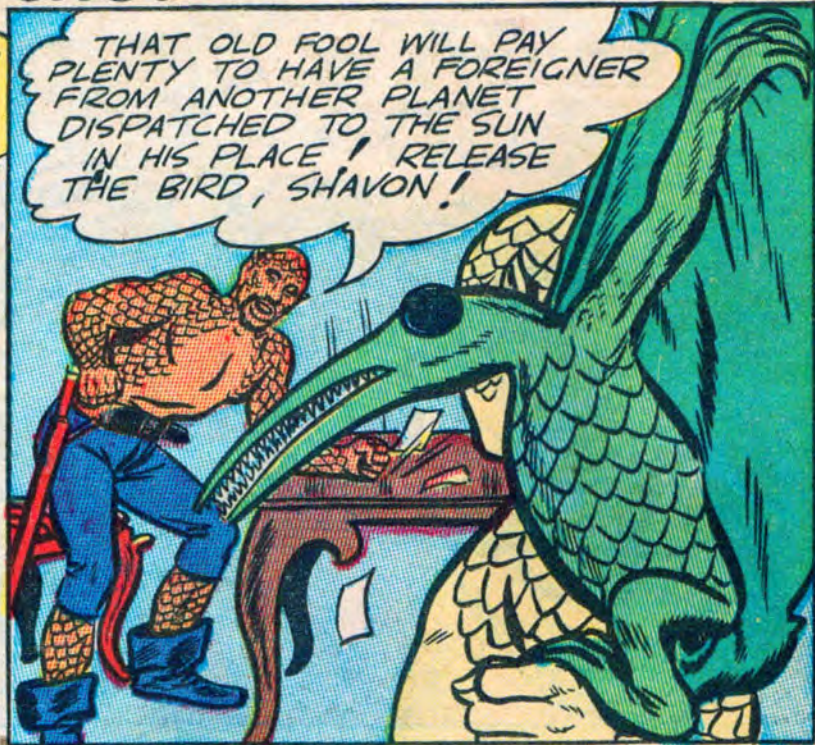


# BIG SHOT

AHA! OUR UNKNOWN **SUPERIOR** HAS SENT US A REAL TIP THIS TIME! THE NEXT **HUMAN SACRIFICE** TO SINGE ON THE SURFACE OF THE SUN IS NONE OTHER THAN **DIMITRON**, SECOND KEEPER OF THE JEWELS!

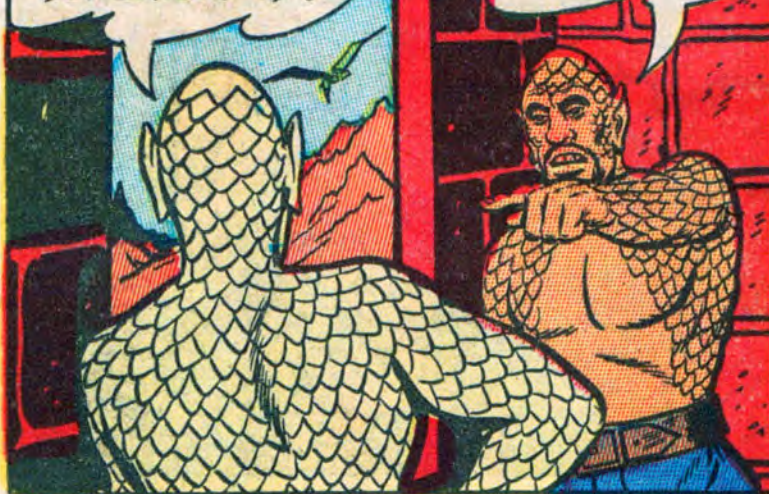


THAT OLD FOOL WILL PAY PLENTY TO HAVE A FOREIGNER FROM ANOTHER PLANET DISPATCHED TO THE SUN IN HIS PLACE! RELEASE THE BIRD, SHAVON!



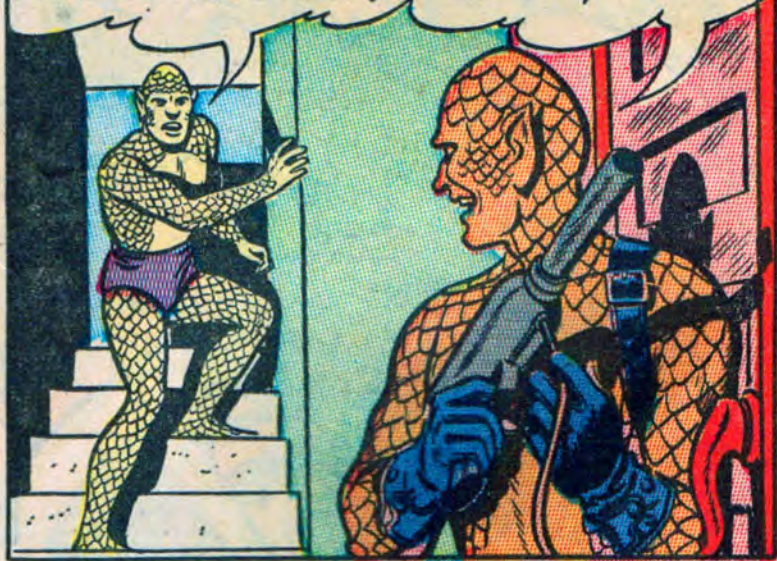
COULD WE BUT TRACE THAT BIRD, WE'D SOON KNOW **WHO** OUR MYSTERIOUS **SUPERIOR** IS!

THAT IS NOT OUR CONCERN! ROUND UP **ALL** THE PRISONERS IMMEDIATELY!



BRING THOSE FOUR EARTH ONES INTO THE CELL WHERE THE OTHERS ARE!

AH, THE CAPTAIN HAS SOME SELECTING TO DO, EH?



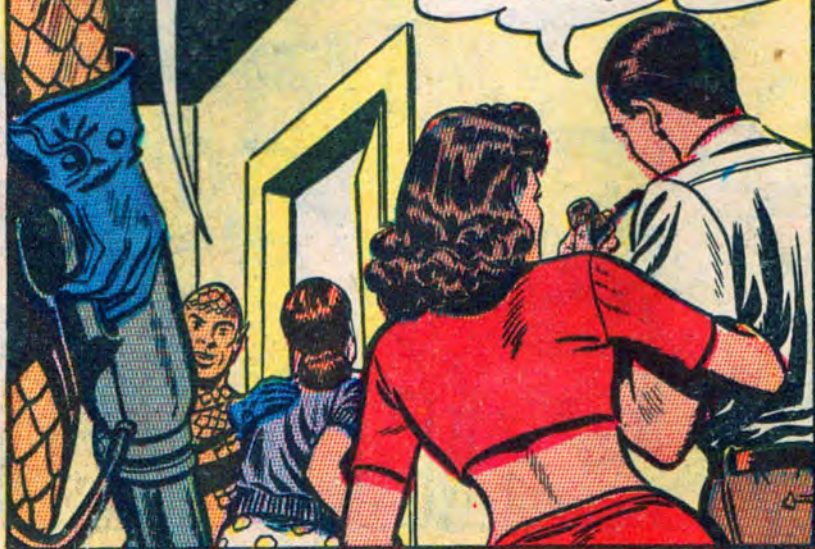
ALL RIGHT WHITE WORMS, WALK AHEAD OF ME! YOU'RE MOVING!

ANYWAY IT CAN'T BE WORSE AFTER TWO WEEKS IN **THAT** RAT-TRAP!



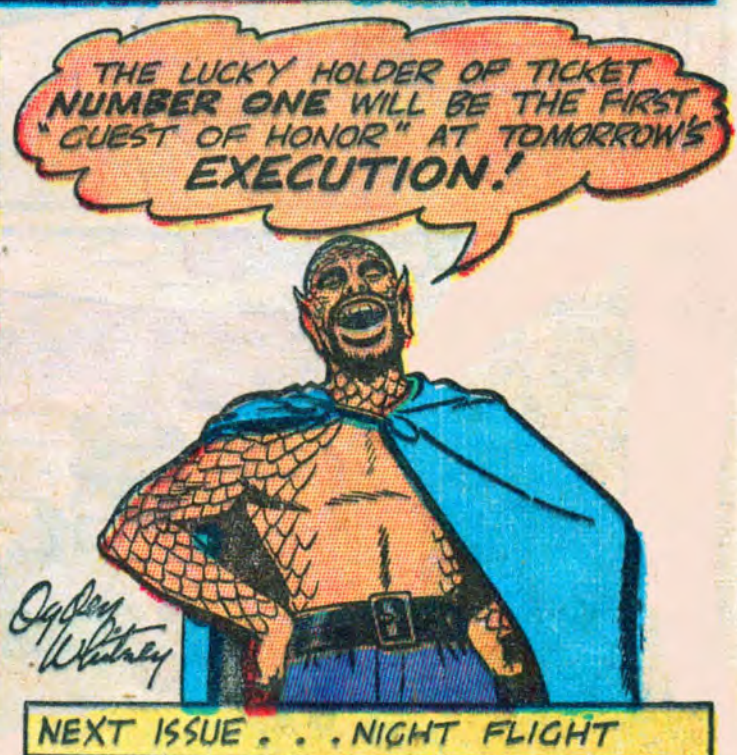
SHOVE THEM IN HERE, XOON!

AT LEAST WE'LL GET A CHANCE TO MEET THE MAN WITH THE MISSING BRIAR PIPE!





# BIG SHOT





# BO

BY  
FRANK  
BECK

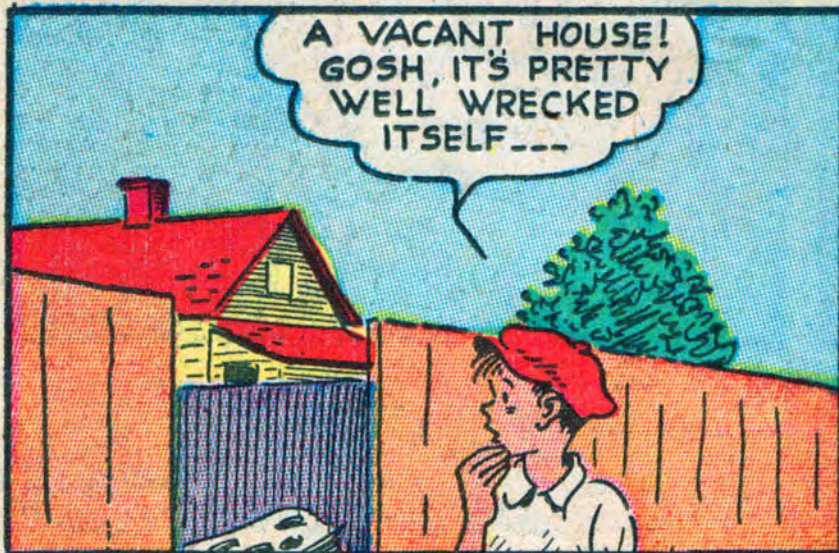
WHOA! WAIT HERE, BO,  
TILL I SEE IF THIS  
HOUSE HAS ANY  
JUNK TO SPARE.



I WISH JUNIOR  
WOULD FIND SOME  
OTHER WAY TO  
MAKE MONEY



A VACANT HOUSE!  
GOSH, IT'S PRETTY  
WELL WRECKED  
ITSELF---



IT'S SPOOKY  
INSIDE ... BUT  
WHAT'S THE HARM  
IN LOOKING  
AROUND?



I HOPE  
JUNIOR HAS  
MORE SENSE  
THAN TO GO  
INTO A VACANT  
HOUSE LOOKING  
FOR JUNK.

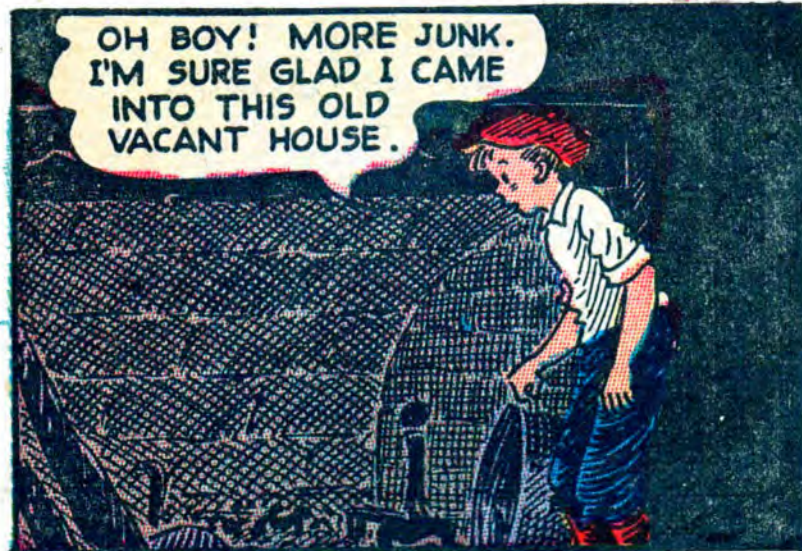
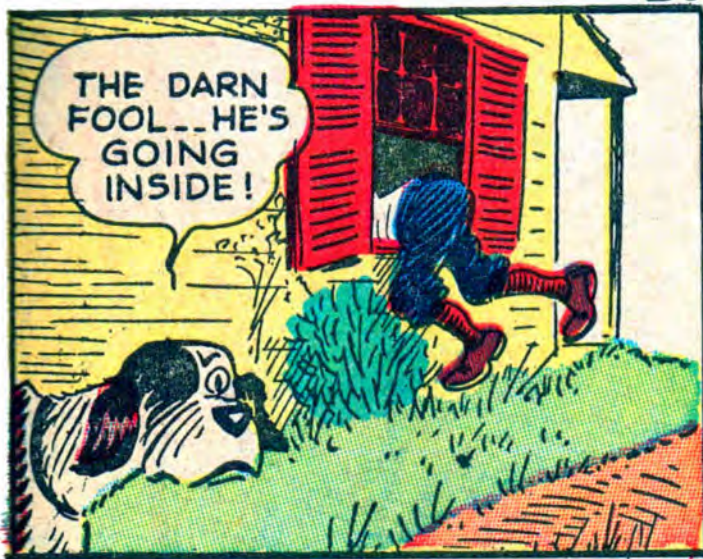


WOW...IT'S DARK  
IN THERE. I'LL BET  
THERE'S PLENTY  
OF OLD STUFF  
LAYING AROUND.



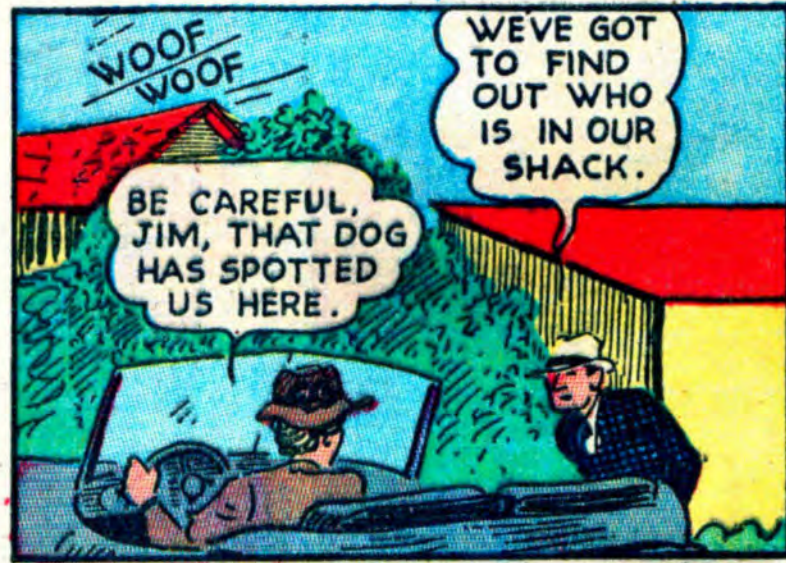
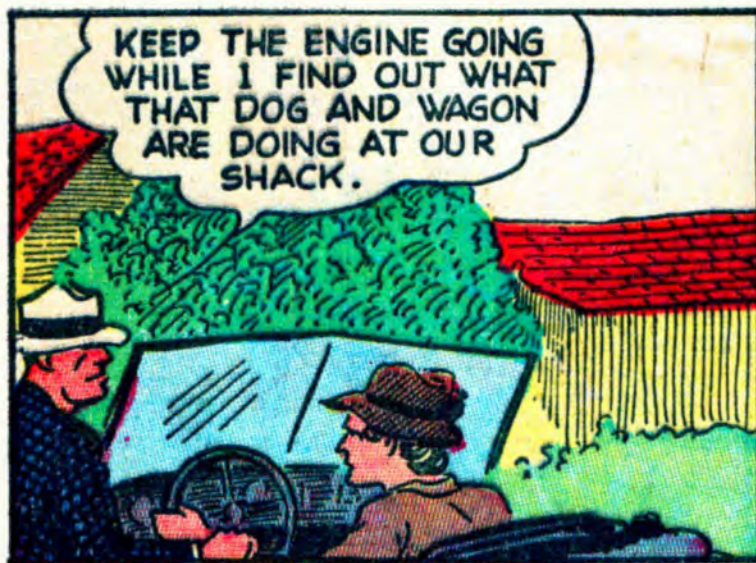
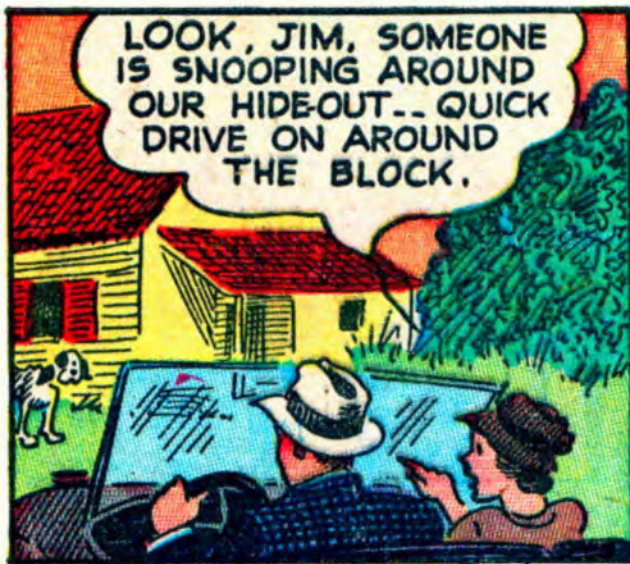


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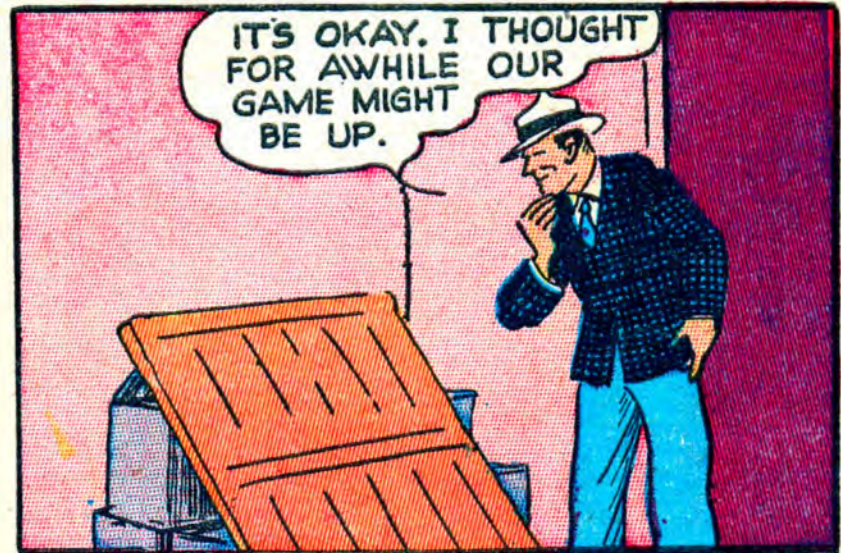
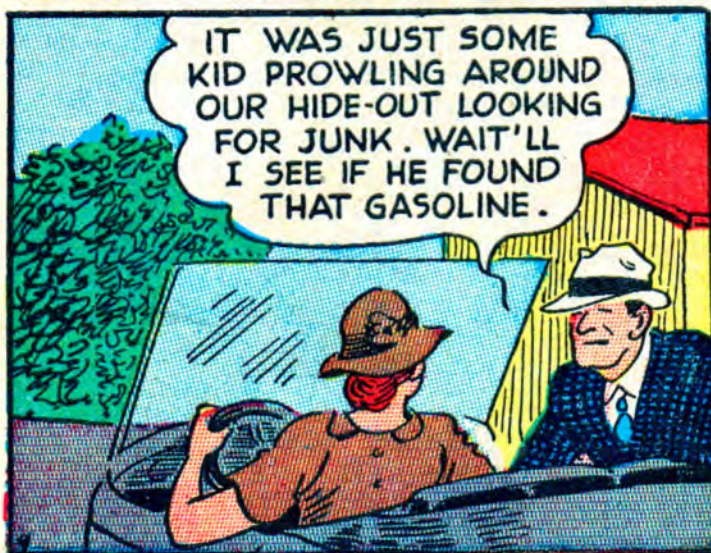
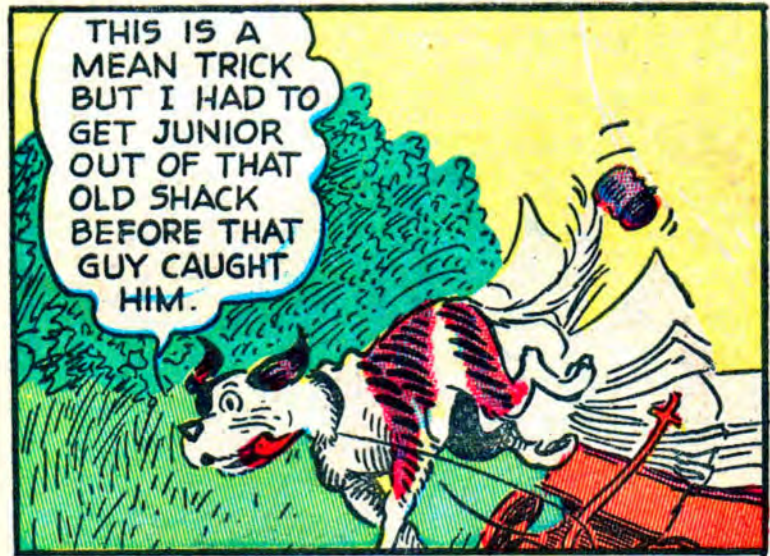
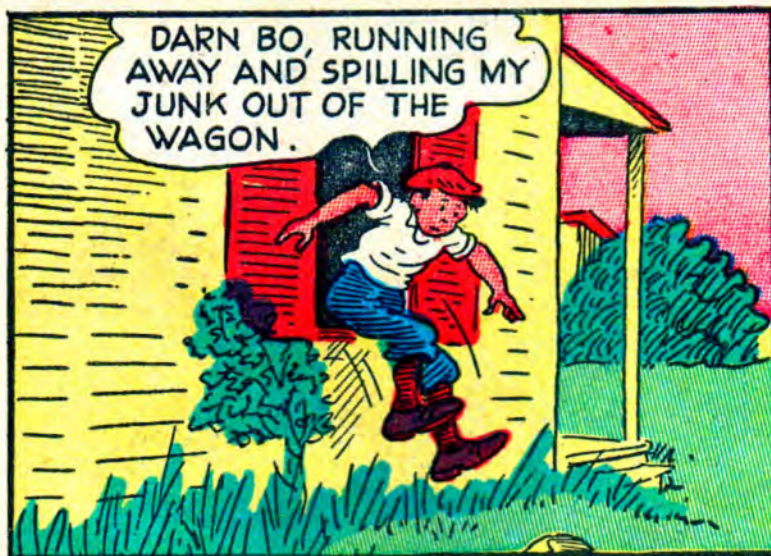
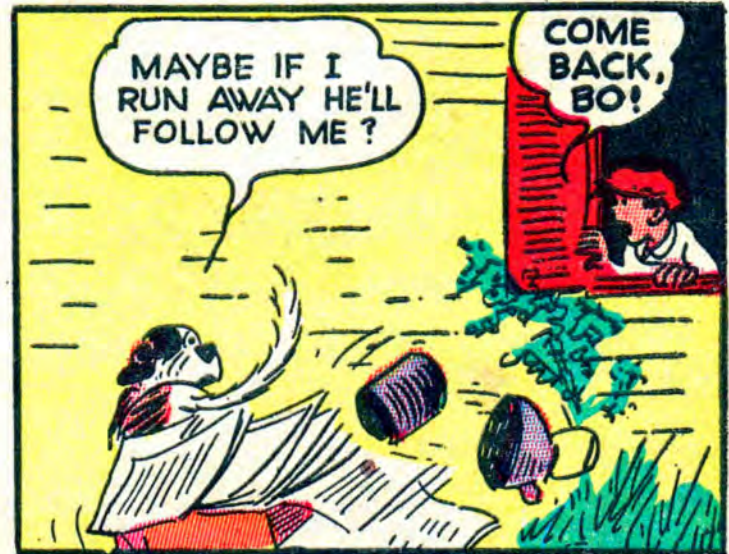
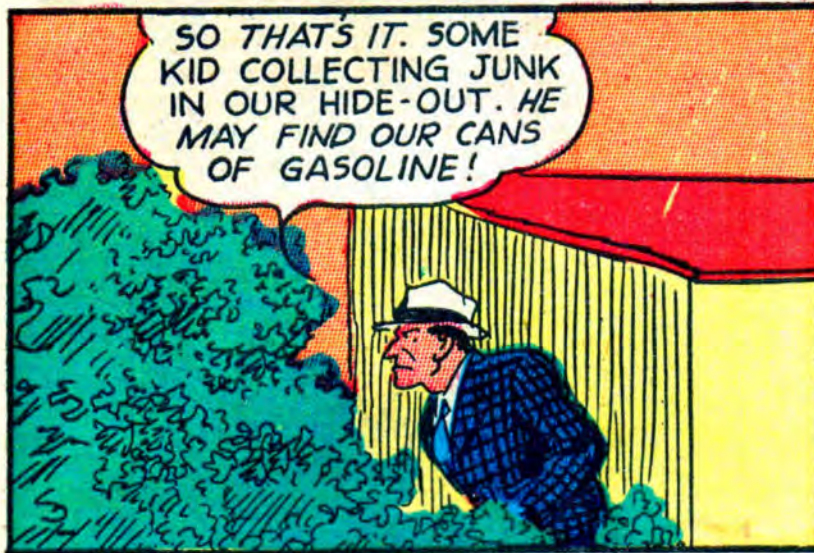
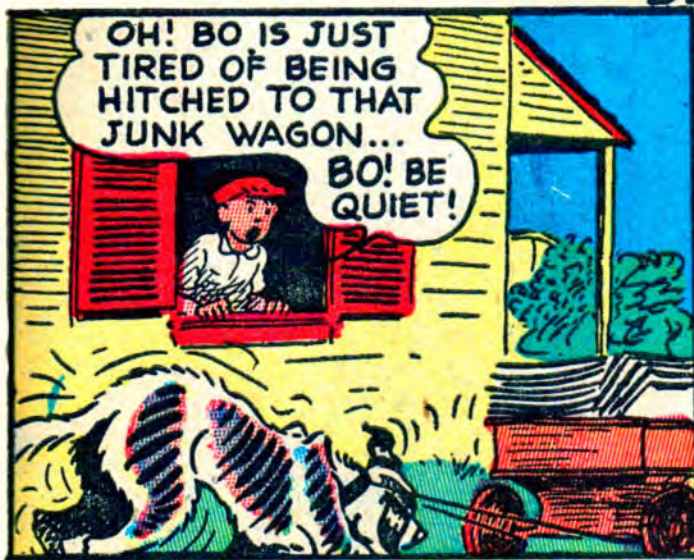


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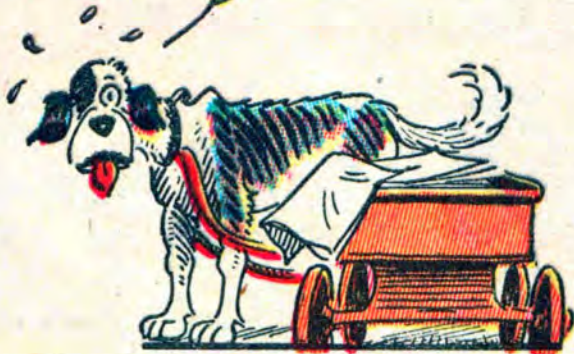
# BIG SHOT





# BIG SHOT

I'VE RUN FAR ENOUGH TO GET JUNIOR AWAY FROM THAT EMPTY HOUSE. I'D BETTER WAIT TILL HE CATCHES UP WITH ME.



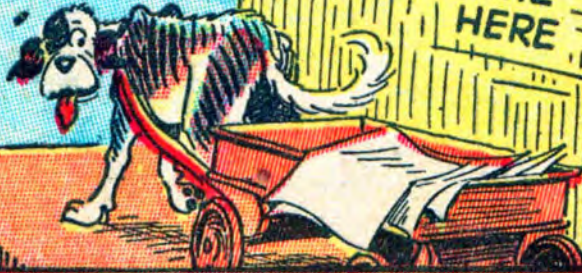
DOGGONE BO, RUNNING OFF AND SPILLING MY LOAD OF JUNK....

BO!



WOW! IS HE MAD! GUESS I'LL BEAT IT HOME AND LET HIM LUG THE JUNK HIMSELF...

BO  
COME  
HERE



LISTEN TO THAT BOY ABUSE HIS PET. I'LL PUT A STOP TO THAT...!

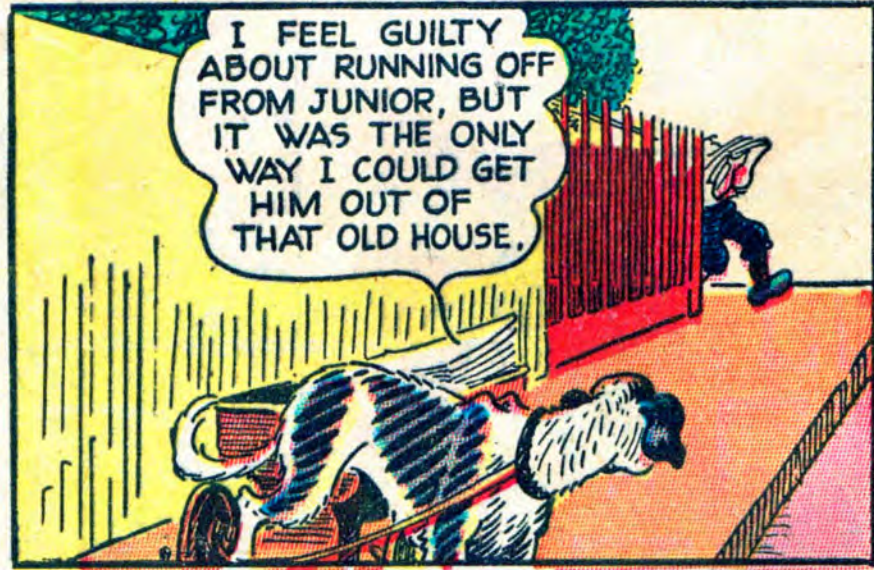


SOME LADY JUST PHONED THAT A KID IS ABUSING A DOG HITTED TO A CART. HAVE A RADIO CAR CHECK ON IT.

OKAY.



I FEEL GUILTY ABOUT RUNNING OFF FROM JUNIOR, BUT IT WAS THE ONLY WAY I COULD GET HIM OUT OF THAT OLD HOUSE.



JUST WAIT TILL I GET HOLD OF THAT MUTT... MAKING ME LUG THIS JUNK HOME... COME BACK HERE, BO! HEY..COME HERE!



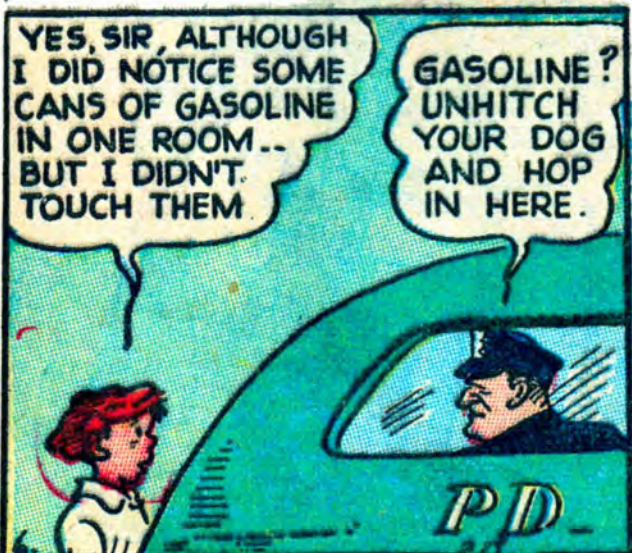
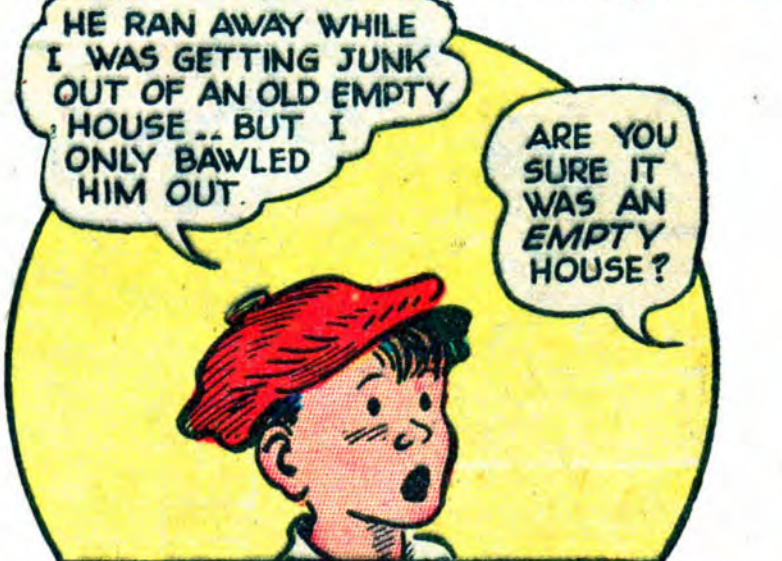
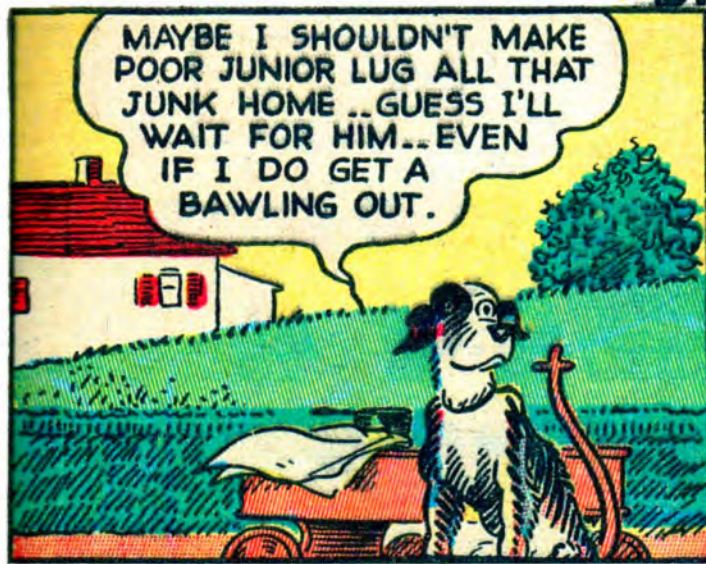
BOY BEATING UP DOG ON MAIN STREET... CAR TWENTY INVESTIGATE. THAT IS ALL...

HO HUM! THAT'S US, OFF TO THE WAR ON CRIME.





# BIG SHOT



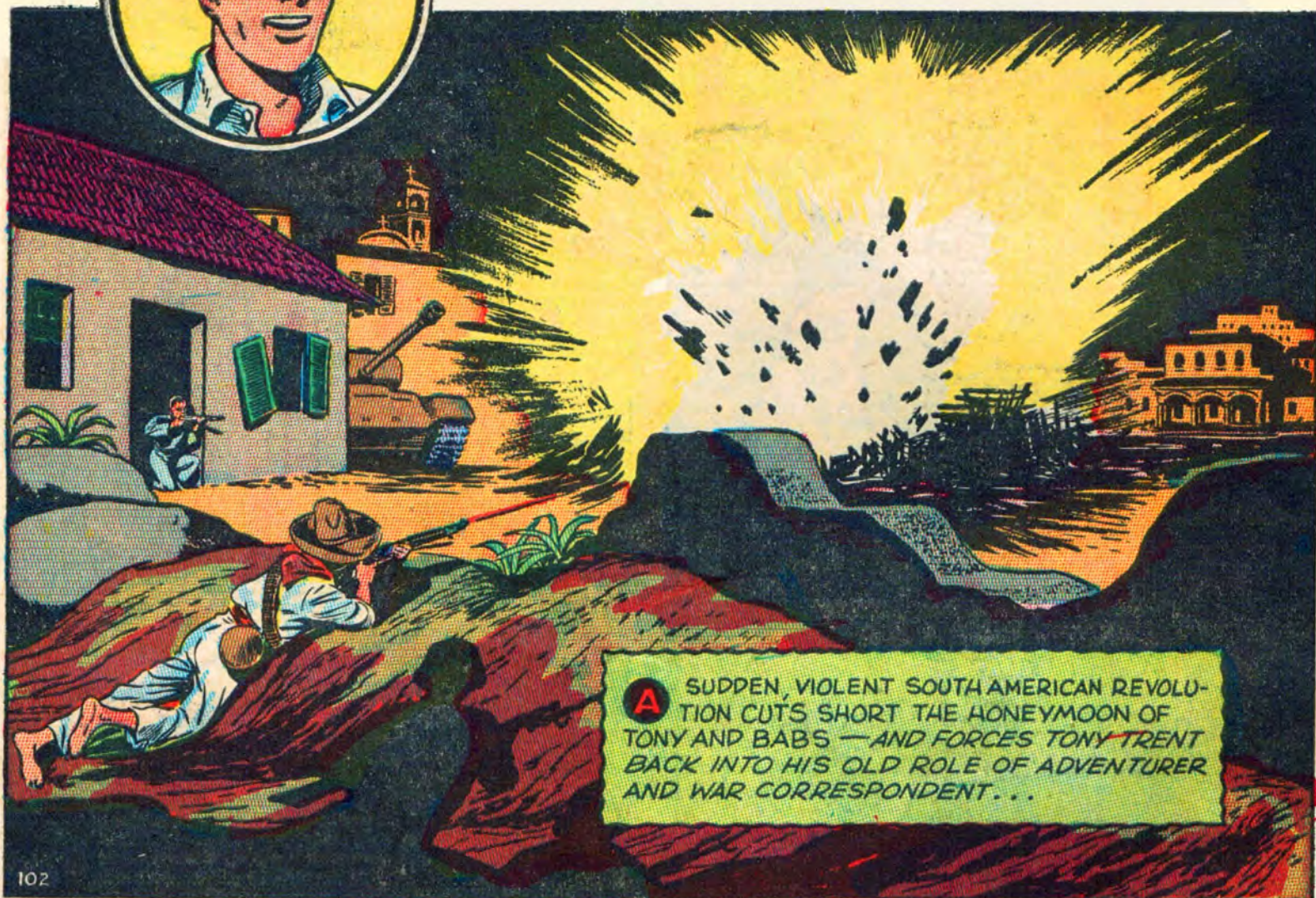
MORE ABOUT THE EMPTY HOUSE IN THE NEXT ISSUE



BIG SHOT

# TONY TRENT

by MART BAILEY



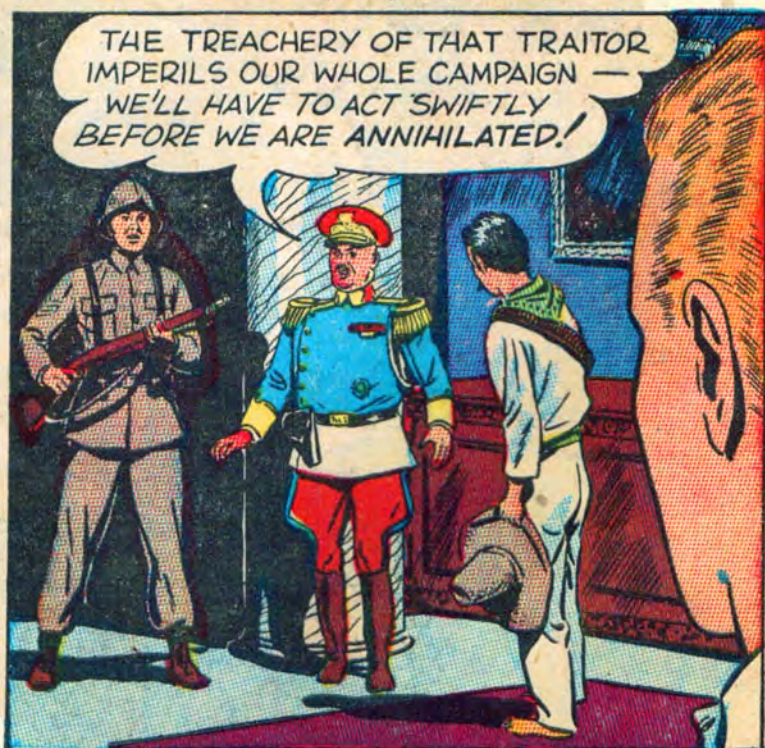
**A** SUDDEN, VIOLENT SOUTH AMERICAN REVOLUTION CUTS SHORT THE HONEYMOON OF TONY AND BABS — AND FORCES TONY TRENT BACK INTO HIS OLD ROLE OF ADVENTURER AND WAR CORRESPONDENT...

102

GENERAL DIAZADO SEEMS VERY EXCITED, TONY!

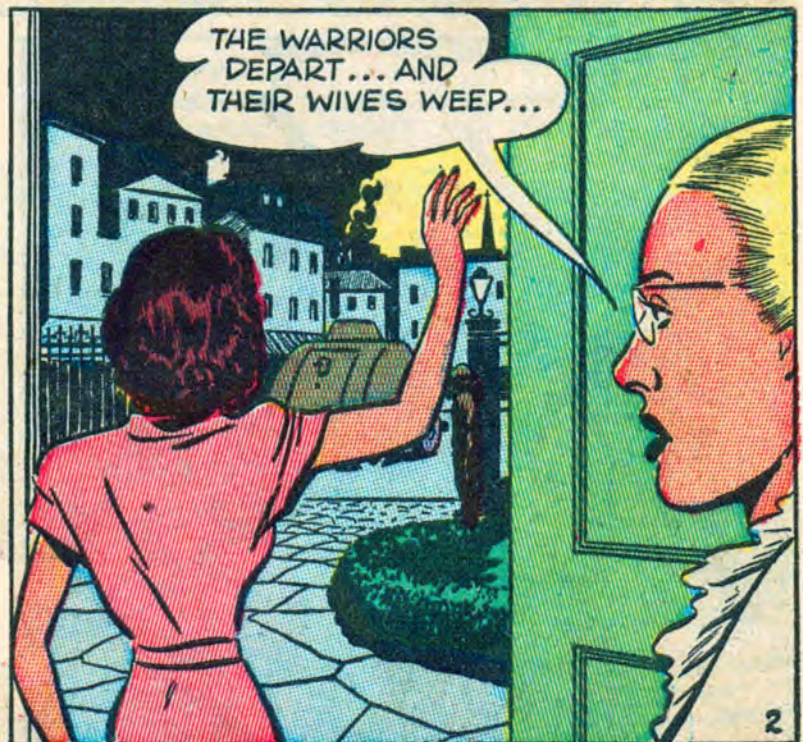
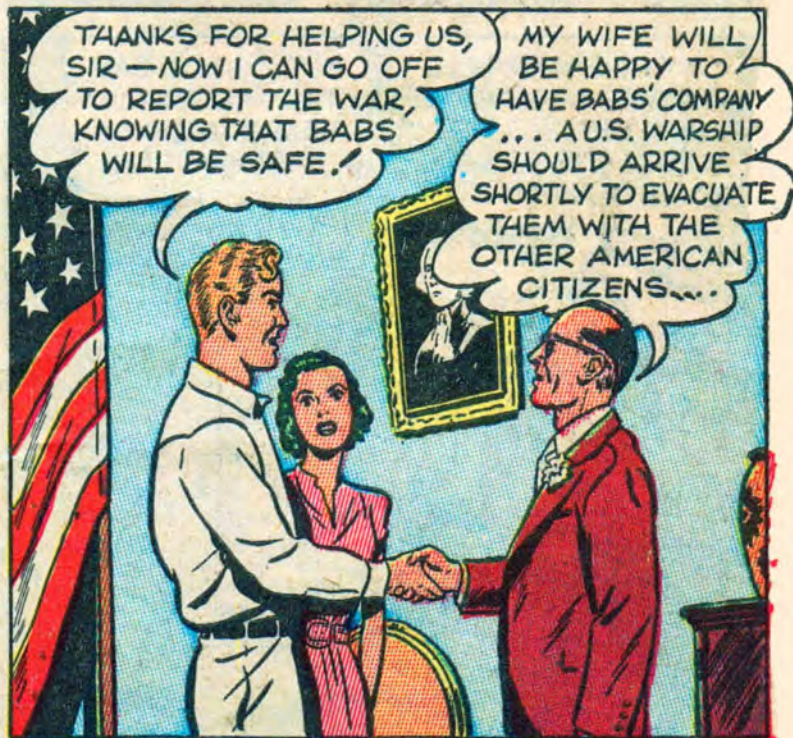
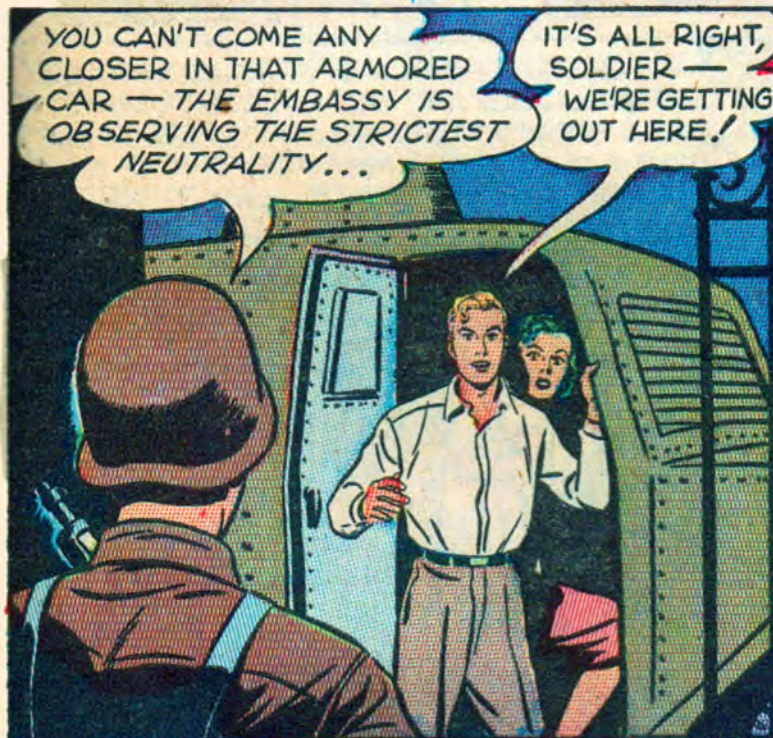
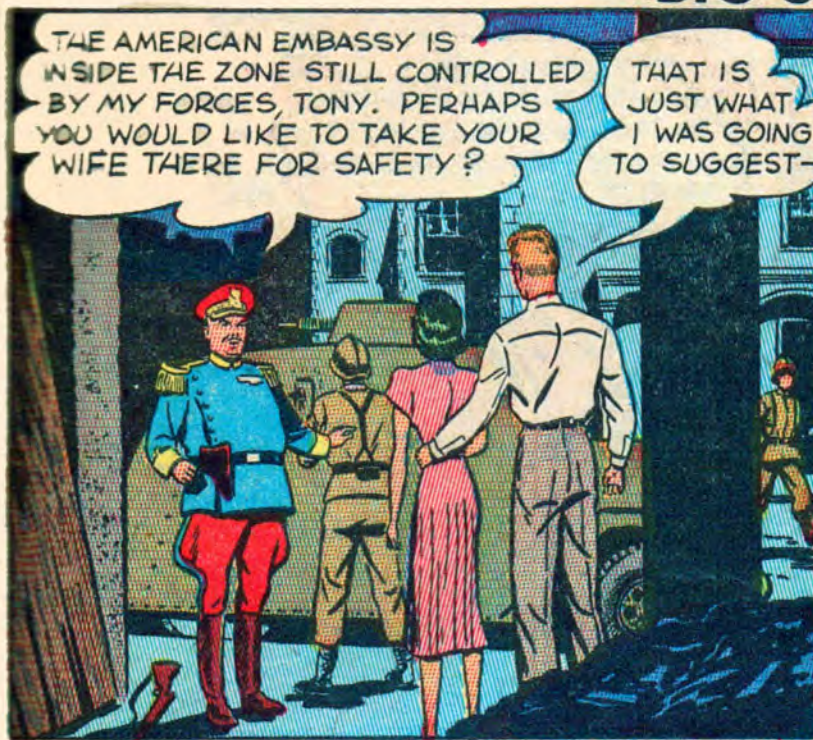
YES... COLONEL MANOTEZ, UPON WHOM HE WAS DEPENDING, HAS SOLD OUT TO THE OTHER SIDE.

THE TREACHERY OF THAT TRAITOR IMPERILS OUR WHOLE CAMPAIGN — WE'LL HAVE TO ACT SWIFTLY BEFORE WE ARE ANNIHILATED!





# BIG SHOT



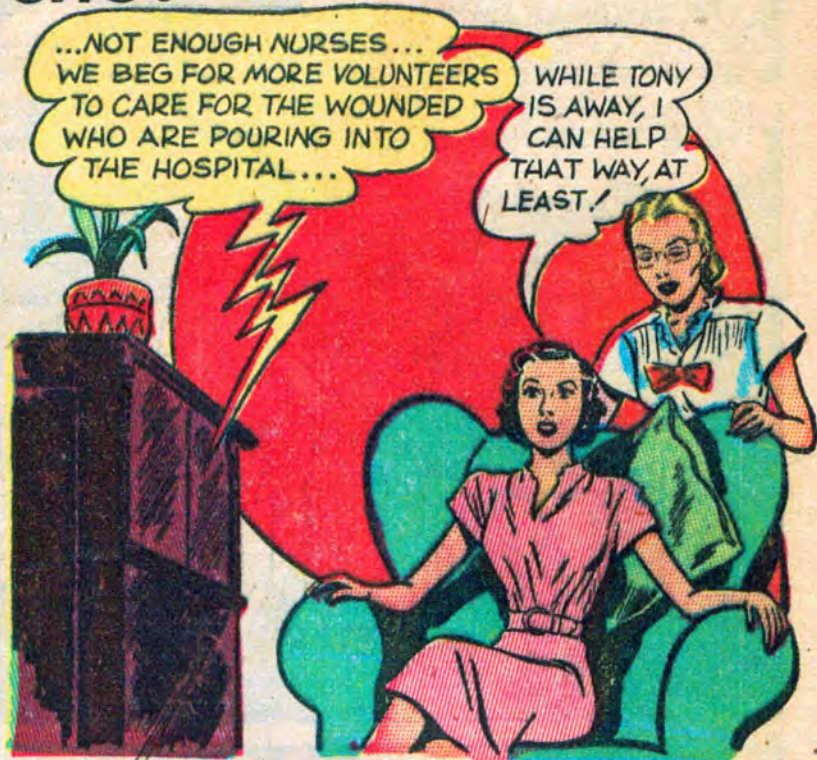


# BIG SHOT



FEEL BETTER, TONY, NOW THAT YOUR WIFE IS OUT OF DANGER?

I CERTAINLY DO — THIS PROMISES TO BE A LONG, NASTY WAR.



...NOT ENOUGH NURSES... WE BEG FOR MORE VOLUNTEERS TO CARE FOR THE WOUNDED WHO ARE POURING INTO THE HOSPITAL...

WHILE TONY IS AWAY, I CAN HELP THAT WAY, AT LEAST!



MY HUSBAND WILL NEVER FORGIVE ME FOR LETTING YOU LEAVE THE EMBASSY, MRS. TRENT.

BUT AS YOU SAY THE HOSPITAL NEEDS HELP SO DESPERATELY...



WE CERTAINLY CAN USE YOUR ASSISTANCE! SISTER CLAIRE AND THE MINISTER'S WIFE WILL SHOW YOU GIRLS WHAT TO DO, WHILE I GO BACK TO LEND MY RABBI FRIEND A HAND.... EVERYBODY'S HERE TONIGHT!



THE TREACHERY OF COLONEL MANOTEZ HAS SCATTERED MY FORCES... WE'LL HAVE TO RETIRE TO THE MOUNTAINS TO REGROUP...

THAT MEANS YOU'RE ABANDONING THE CITY!

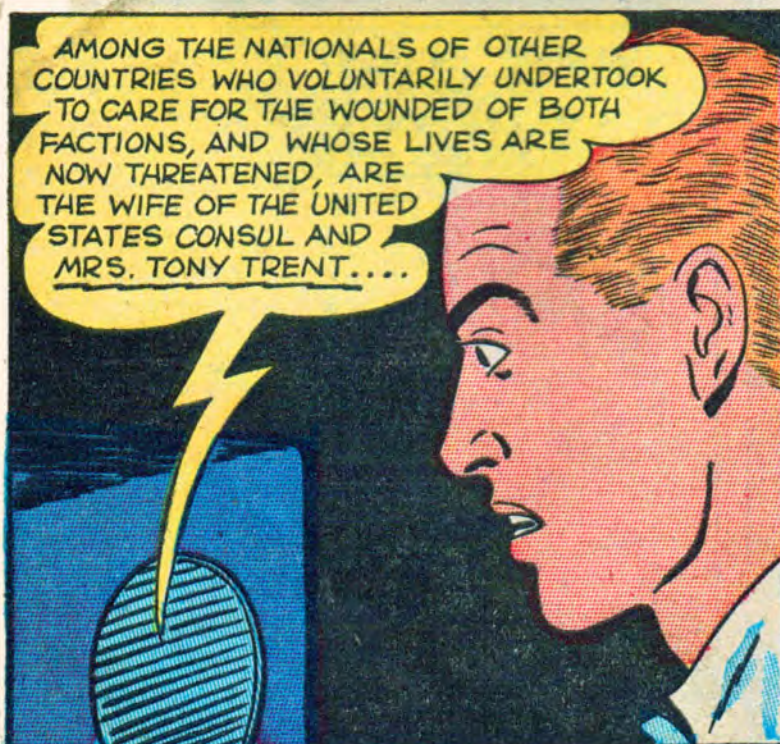
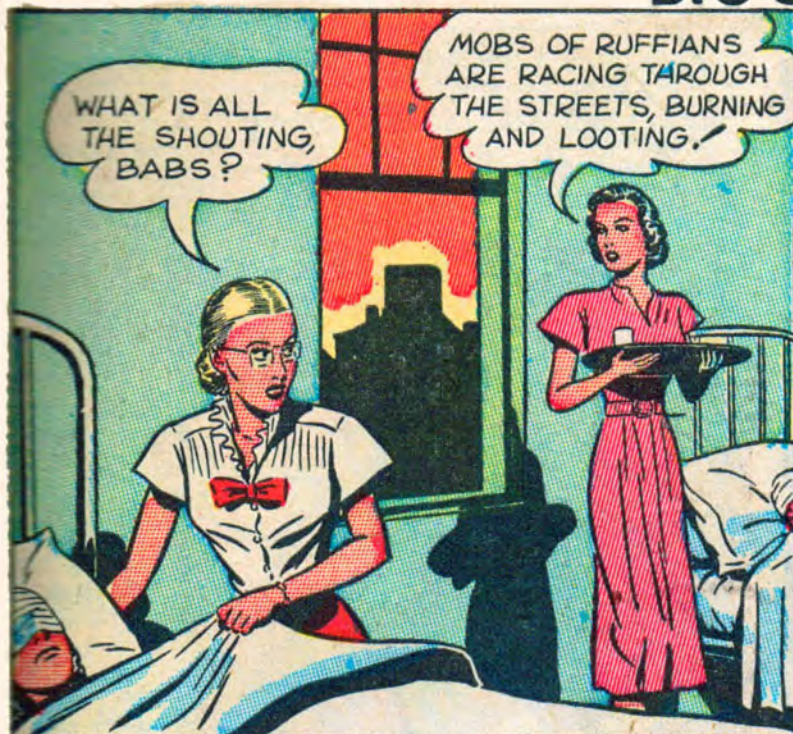


ONLY TEMPORARILY — I'LL BE BACK!

IT'S FORTUNATE BABS IS SAFE AT THE EMBASSY, BECAUSE AS SOON AS YOU WITHDRAW NO PLACE ELSE WILL BE SAFE FROM MARAUDERS — NOT EVEN THE HOSPITAL!

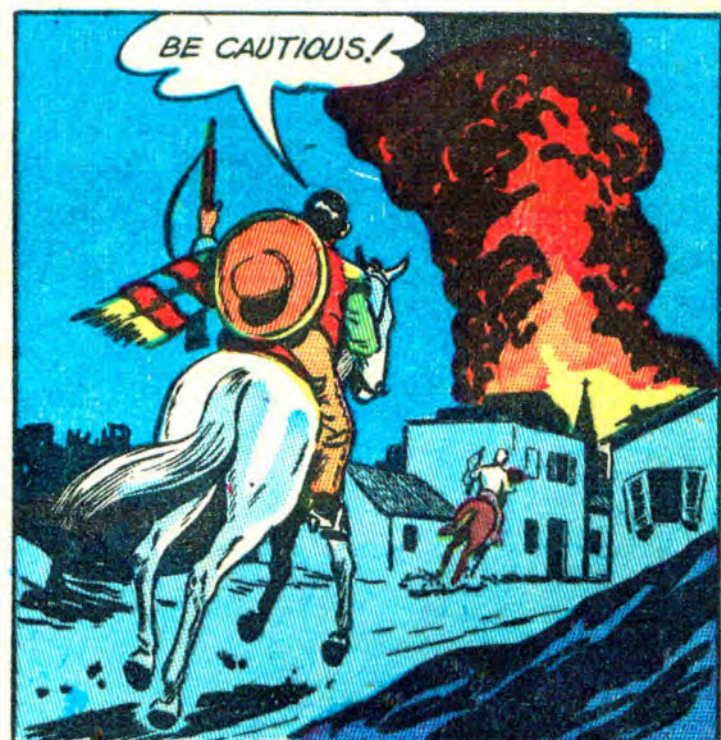


# BIG SHOT





# BIG SHOT





# BIG SHOT

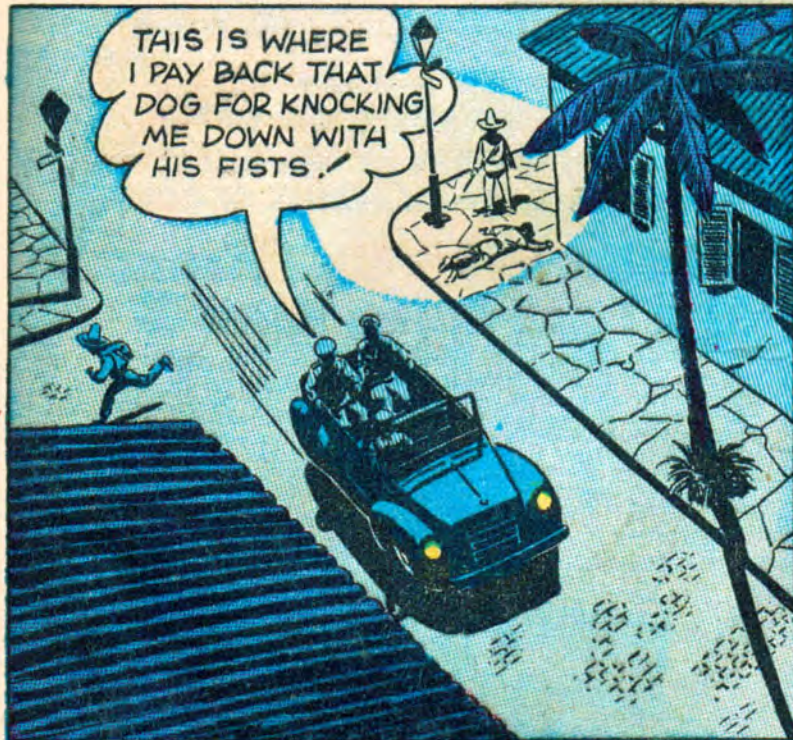
SO TONY TRENT AND SANCHE, THE ONE-MAN ARMY, RIDE INTO THE CITY AMID INDESCRIBABLE SCENES OF ORGANIZED MOB BRUTALITY...



... AND PAST THE COMMAND CAR OF COLONEL MANOTEZ, WHO CONTENTEDLY OBSERVES THE WORK OF THE VICIOUS FORCES HE HAS UNLEASHED...

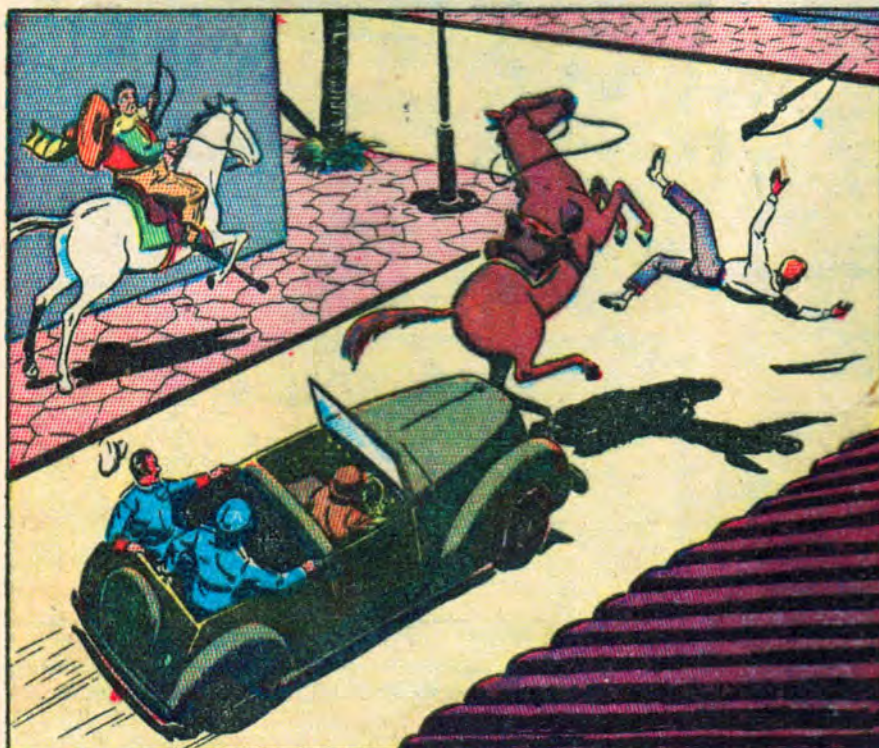


THIS IS WHERE I PAY BACK THAT DOG FOR KNOCKING ME DOWN WITH HIS FISTS.



COLONEL MANOTEZ!

THE AUTOMOBILE IS GOING TO RUN YOU DOWN, SENOR TRENT!



NOW, SENOR TRENT, WE'LL SETTLE OUR SCORE.



NEXT ..... THE SCORE IS SETTLED

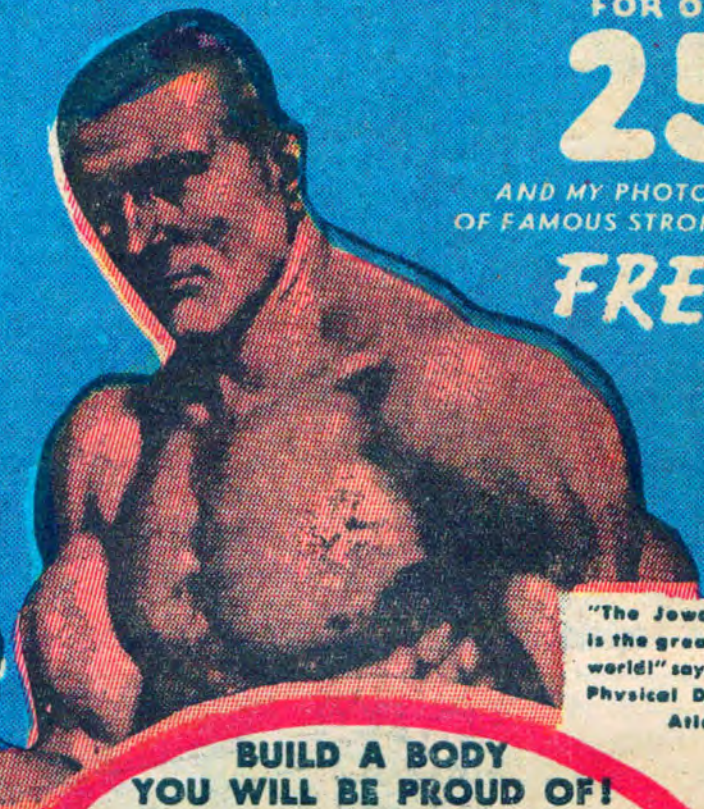


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whom experts call the  
WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER



AND MY PHOTO BOOK  
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is the greatest in the  
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Champion  
Strength  
Athlete of  
South Africa.  
Says he: "I  
owe every-  
thing to  
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ods!" Look  
at this chest  
—then consider  
the value of  
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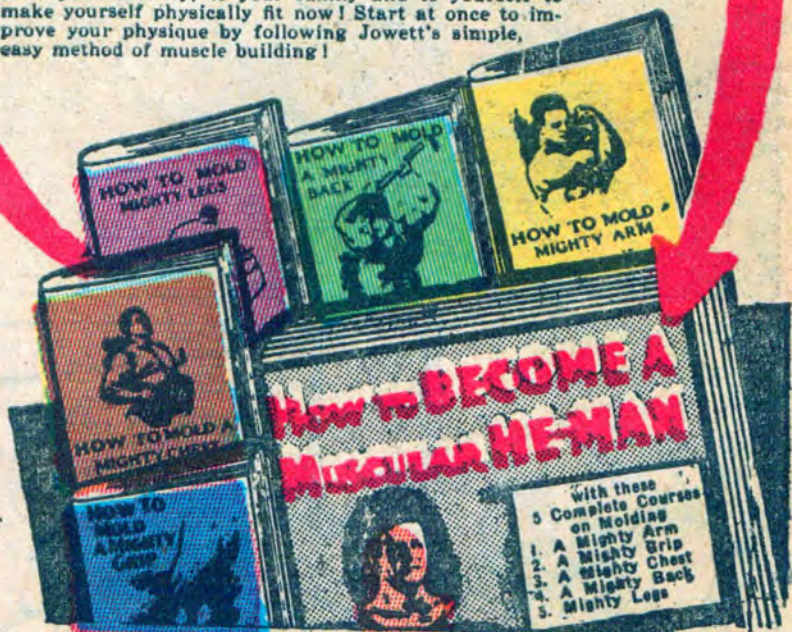
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# FREE!





# BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

## Say Men, Girls in Choosing Date

What a "black mark" is the blackhead . . . according to men and girls popular enough to be choosy about dates!

"Nobody's dreamboat!" "Nobody's date!" And that's not all that's said of those who are careless about blackheads. But blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE grimy! And they DON'T look good in close-ups!

So can you blame the fellow who says, "Not, I meet lots of girls who look cute at first glance. But if, on that second glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's good night!"

Or can you blame the girl who confesses, "I hate to go out with a fellow who has blackheads. If he's careless about that you're sure he'll embarrass you in other ways, too!"

But you—are YOUR ears burning? Well, you've company and, sad to say, good company. There are lots of other attractive fellows and girls who could date anyone they like if they'd only realize how offensive blackheads are . . . and how easily and quickly they could get rid of them . . . if they want to!

## "He-Man" Often Guilty of Blackhead Crime

Take your "he-man" . . . super at track, games, sports of all kinds . . . who thinks that after just a shower he's ready to go anywhere! And won't the girls all admire his muscles!

Sure they would! But not many dance floors are set up for hurdle races! You can't show off your snappy left hook when only cokes are in the ring. The "he-man" who's also clean-cut, will get the breaks wherever he is.

## Even Cute Girls Become Careless

Too easy, for a girl to think that if she has the latest in clothes and hair-do she needn't bother about blackheads. A little more make-up, she guesses, will take care of that. BUT MAKE-UP WON'T HIDE BLACKHEADS! Not unless it's plaster of paris, maybe! And even good make-up "slips" at a dance! So don't take chances, cute though you may be!

### TAKE THESE TIPS TO BANISH BLACKHEADS

Keep skin clean by washing morning and night with warm, almost hot, water. Use good soap and plenty of it. And finish with cool water.

Extract every blackhead as soon as you see it—with a SAFE extractor. Don't use finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, injured tissues, a marred skin.

Just be clean! Be quick! And be safe! That's easy! And that's ALL!

I WONDER WHY WE'RE NOT POPULAR SIS?

ASK YOUR FRIEND TOM

TOM, WHY DON'T SIS AND I GET INVITED TO PROMS AND PARTIES

FRANKLY, JIM ITS THOSE UGLY BLACKHEADS

**FELLOWS! GIRLS!**  
**Keep Skin Clear and Clean!**

# UGLY BLACKHEADS

## OUT in Seconds with VACUTEX

### NEW! SCIENTIFIC! VACUUM ACTION!

Amazing new VACUTEX is painless . . . safe . . . fast! In seconds you are rid of those ugly blackheads that clog the pores . . . make your skin look grimy and dingy . . . give others such a wrong impression of you. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum pressure around the blackhead and extracts it—quickly!—without injury to tender skin tissues. Keep skin always clear this new scientific way. Without painful squeezing! Without dangerous infection from germ-y fingers! Just place VACUTEX over blackhead and draw back extractor. Blackhead's out! Simple! But you'll be delighted by your instantly improved appearance. Others will notice your clearer, cleaner skin! Try VACUTEX—now!



ACTUAL  
LENGTH  
3 1/2"

RUSH  
COUPON  
NOW!

**10 DAY  
TRIAL OFFER**

Don't send a penny. Mail coupon and pay postman only \$1.00 plus postage. Or save all postage by enclosing \$1.00 with guarantee coupon. If not thrilled to be rid of embarrassing hated blackheads this new quick way—just return VACUTEX in 10 days and get \$1 back. Order today!



**No Squeezing  
No Infection  
No Injury  
to Skin  
Tissues!**



Just place VACUTEX over blackhead—release extractor—and blackhead's out!

### 10 DAY TRIAL GUARANTEE

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19 West 44th St., New York 18, N. Y.

- ☐ Enclosed find \$1.00. Send me VACUTEX postpaid.
  - ☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage.
- My dollar will be refunded if I am not delighted.

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Ladies! Men! Here's the Jacket "buy" you've been waiting for. Here's quality, style comfort and durability all combined in one to give you the finest, smartest jacket you'll find anywhere, regardless of price. And when you order the two together—one lady's and one man's jacket—you get two jackets for only \$7.95.

Save 95¢! Everyone—wife and husband, girl-friend and beau will want to order matching jackets in combination on this special bargain offer. You **SEND NO MONEY!** We'll ship C.O.D. plus a few cents postage. If you don't agree this is the greatest Jacket Bargain you've ever seen for the price, return it within 10 days and your money will be cheerfully refunded.

**You'll Love It!**

Take this jacket for carefree ease—and for that certain poise which being "in the know" on style gives you! That new low hipline is a "flash" from the fashion front. Perky shoulders! Suave yoke! You will adore its smart distinctive lines . . . you will always enjoy its caressing warmth. It's tailored of favorite Spun-Rite, justly popular for its wear . . . for its beauty! It will be your prop and mainstay, season in, season out. Select yours from one of these season's latest shades: Camel Tan, or Stop Red. Sizes 12 to 20.

**Ideal for Sports-Leisure**

Here's a sturdy "le-man's" jacket of a thousand and one uses that will keep pace with the fastest tempo of your busy day. Cut for real comfort—of "Spun-Rite"—magically flexible, colorful and smartly tailored as well as warm. Snappy yoked back. Harmonizing buttons for looks and wear. Grand, deep, saddle pockets. Seamed sides stride along as you will. You'll live in it from dawn 'til night. Choose Camel Tan with the following choice of harmonizing colors: Forest Green, or Luggage Brown. Check your size from 34 to 50 on the order coupon to the right.

**SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON!**

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Check color wanted			
Combination Price for 1 Man's and 1 Lady's Jacket BOTH only \$7.95			
MAN'S JACKET Sale Price, \$4.95	Camel Tan with these colors	Luggage Brown	Forest Green
Check color wanted			

**CHECK SIZE WANTED**  
LADY'S 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, MAN'S 36, 38, 40, 42, 44  
MY TOTAL PURCHASE AMOUNTS TO: \$ \_\_\_\_\_, C. O. D.